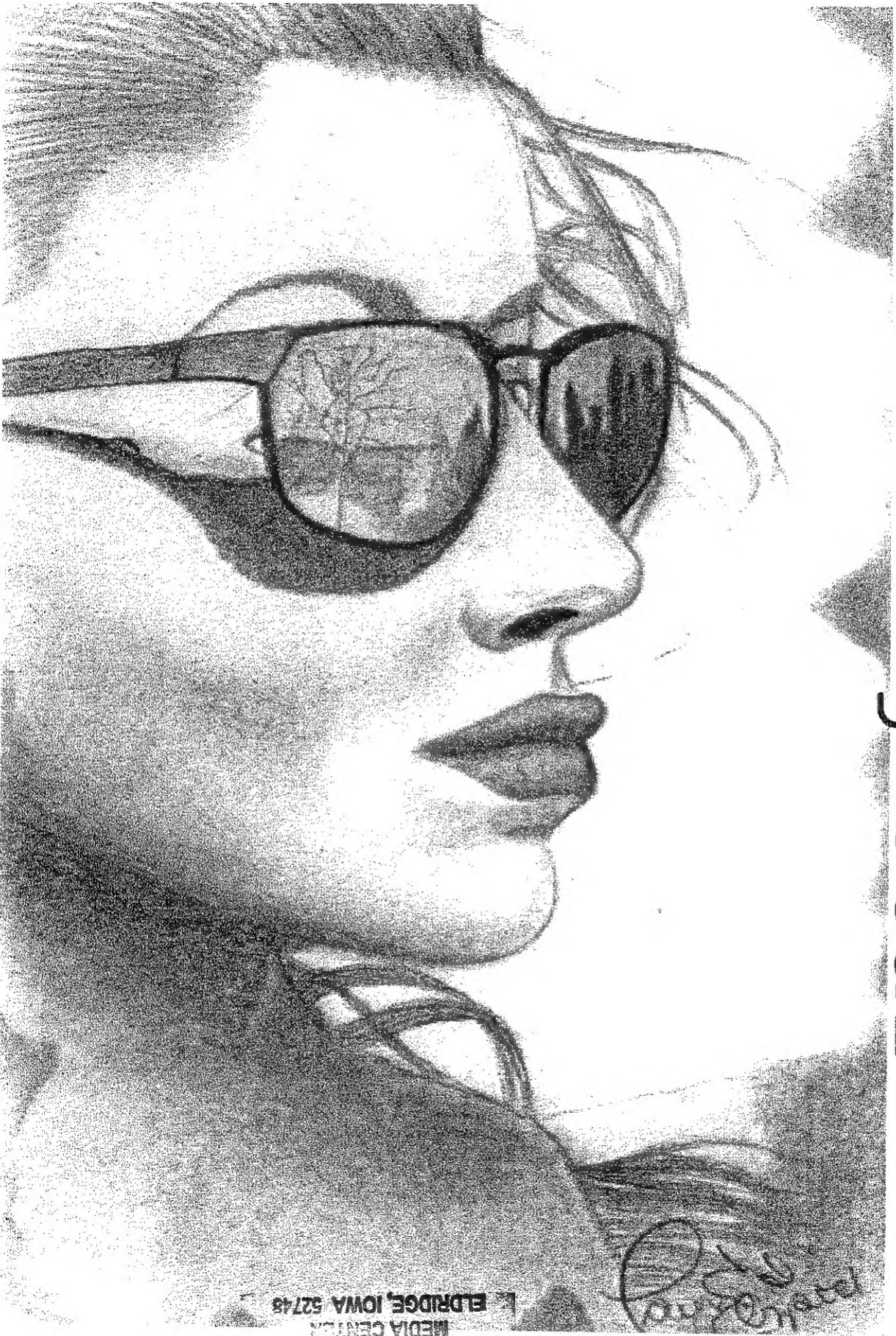


Morning Star



NORTH SCOTT HIGH SCHOOL
MEDIA CENTER
ELDRIDGE, IOWA 52748

morning star

2014 editors

stephanie konrady
abigail morrow
miranda hale

faculty advisor

ms. diana smith

*north scott senior
high school's
premier
fine arts magazine*

2013-14

the editors



Stephanie Konrady will graduate from North Scott High School this year and plans to attend Marquette University in the fall where she will double major in English and Anthropology with a minor in Theatre (and never sleep). Stehanie watches black-and-white films too often, drinks grape juice incessantly, and loves running through the rain with friends. She wants to thank Ms Smith for encouraging her writing, her fellow editors, and all the writers and artists who contributed!

Abigail Morrow is a senior at North Scott High School who plans to major in English at the University of Iowa in the fall. She has managed to spill tea on nearly everything she owns. Abigail enjoys watching British television and preparing for the zombie apocalypse. She would like to thank Ms. Diana Smith, her fellow editor, and all the contributors to this year's edition of Morning Star for making this *the best one yet!*



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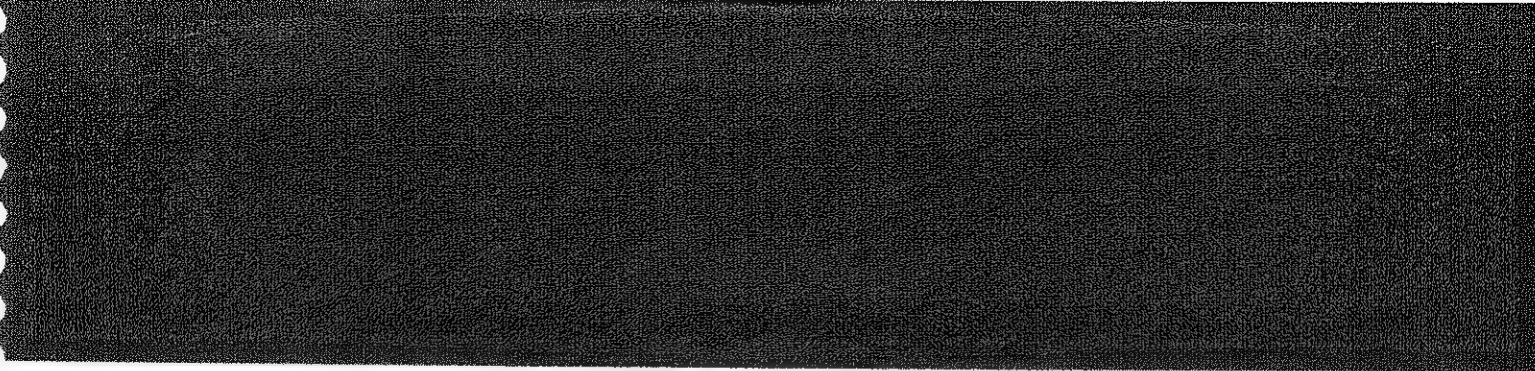
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i know i'm easily
sidetracked but...

-tj kilian

due at 8:30

I am a last minute poet.
My creative activates
Four hours before it is due.

I get by with this tactic
Not taking the class or the poems
Too seriously

This is just how I am
and how I will always be
I say I will do better, but never do.

Making sure I have all the devices,
So I can write my paragraphs
To get a passing grade

I apologize if this offends you, Ms Smith,
But this poem took 3 minutes to write
In the class before this.

katie moore

candela

I am merely a stick of wax.
This is it, the beginning the end
Vibrant hues of orange fill my flame,
My lumination engulfs the room that was once dark
The only other light shines from the crack under the
door
And a faint glow from the window shows it is of
night hour

I have grown accustomed to the routine around me,
The children run amuck in the morning,
Any small drafts threaten to put me out.
My time is running shorter and shorter as the days
drag on
I fear the unknown of what is to come
As the room grows darker, my flame ever grows weaker
Tomorrow is the day, my splendor and I will be gone

danielle grim

i am

I am lost yet found.
I wonder about the unknown.
I hear voices of doubt.
I see great things ahead.
I want to be successful.
I am lost yet found.

I pretend I know who I am.
I touch the endless possibilities.
I worry about the future.
I cry when I let others down.
I am lost yet found.

I understand that it will be a difficult journey.
I say to myself that I can accomplish anything.
I try not to slip up.
I hope I can prove myself right.
I am lost yet found.

olivia ketron

last day

The day lingers, long and lengthy.
The world stands still.
Those who go grievously weep.
Circling around an eternal case.
To many, their universe has just ended.
A hollow shell of life trapped in wood.
A box filled with tired dreams.

The deciding instant of devastating defeat.
Slowly everything becomes dark.
All that is seen is the color black.
Suddenly, light!

Heavenly joy is given to the misfortune
Everything seen belongs to them.
Undying riches their prayers have called,
The ivory home that a life can learn.

michael grunder

lost

When you lose
who you thought
you were,
when there's no
one waiting for you
at the end of the race,
when you stumble and
fall but everyone's moved
on, and there's no one in sight
to point you in the right direction,
you're lost.
Lost in desperate anxiety;
because there's no
right path,
no decision that can make
it go back to the way it was.
Where do I go?
You scream at the world,
and there's never an answer.
There's no helping hand,
nothing except the sound
of your own voice telling you this is a hopeless cause.
That you're a hopeless cause.

It's the room with no door,
the darkest night,
the most terrifying point in your life.
It's the point in the maze,
when you've been running tirelessly, circle after circle,
mile after mile,
wondering where the exit
is. I want to get out,
you scream again, and again,
but there is no answer
because the world does not
give out favors.
There are no second chances,
and that is a risk that
shares the uncertain ones out of
their dreams.
Why must you be so cruel,
to the ones who
wander?

i am

I am bashful and persevering
I wonder about my future
I hear "Give it all you've got. Don't have any regrets"

I see water
I want to inspire
I am bashful ad persevering

I pretend I have triumphed
I feel proud
I touch my crown
I worry about getting things wrong
I cry about friendships that have come and gone
I am bashful and persevering

I understand that God has a plan for my life
I say "I can do all things through Him who strengthens me"
Phil 4:13

I dream about the beach
I try to be unpretentious
I hope to exceed my goals
I am bashful and persevering

paige hansen

an address to the one i lost

Conjured with words are spirits
If they're all but real.
She talks, and I owe her silence.
Losing all wealth to unforgiving seas;
In our cries--God.

I abandon my inner path
Telling secrets, starting fights.
With each mile, nearer
Bared swords glinting.
I loathe my death.

The unending white
Thoughts, like tranquil seas.
I rise to caress the nights.
Rise, peaceful soul;
Let death join us.

kirk kreiter



Wendy M. Smith

apples

jessie karr

Rinse the apples in water, scrub them with a brush; use a vegetable peeler or paring knife; start at the stem end and circle around to the blossom end; be careful when you are using the peeler; wrapping paper for presents are very colorful; this is why christmas is my favorite holiday; always leave cookies out for santa; red is the color of your nose when you have a cold; never run a stop light or from the cops; *but I already know how to cut a red apple*; don't trip when walking down the hall, carry your books in a binder; have notebooks for every class; this is how you stay organized; this is how you play the piano; this is how you download a song from iTunes; this is how you navigate the internet; this is how you sail a boat; the world is made of 75% of water; make sure to take swimming lessons; this is how you swim; have a bright swimsuit, otherwise you won't stand out; wear pretty clothes; never wear black and brown together; never wear blue and black together; never wear opposing teams clothes; cheer loud at football games; be a leader; this is how you play sports; this is how you play soccer; kick the ball; don't stub your toe; wear cleats; clicking noises are very loud; crickets are annoying; bugs are annoying; this is how you swat a fly; this is how you duck to avoid a bee; this is how you mow the grass; this is what you do when you have an upset stomach; remember to have the feeling of butterflies when you are nervous; test anxiety is a killer; *but I already know how to stay organized*; this is why there are so many struggles in life; waking up early is hard, especially when you are going to a Bear's game; lions and tigers and bears, oh my; the mama bear gave birth to the bear cub; always bring bug spray when camping, otherwise you'll get bit; bring wood for a campfire; gather wood sticks for roasting marshmallows; bring lots of chocolate; bring lots of graham crackers; peanut butter and jelly; grapes are purple; make sure to wash them or they will be dirty; don't cut your finger on a noodles can; cans are hard to open; this is how to use a can opener; this is how to eat soup; don't cook the chicken for too long; that movie was more than 3 hours long; that is why you buy lots of popcorn; this is how to grow a garden; carrots are very delicious; when the sun sets the sky is orange; the beach is very relaxing, this is how you go

apples

on vacation; this is how you snowboard; this is how you enjoy the mountains; this is how you drive to colorado; snow is cold; colder weather makes you need a jacket; *but I already know not to go camping when it's cold*; coffee is very smooth and warm; there are many different hot beverages; peach tea helps a sore throat; Georgia peaches are very big ad juicy; peaches are a good school snack; this is how to be rude; this is how to get made fun of; this is how to get in trouble; never get in trouble by a teacher, or you will get a detention; rulers can hurt; always follow the law; *but I know not to run a red light or from the cops*; so after all that are you prepared for the test?

Jessie Karr

fighting thin

Each day she fights an onslaught of her own thoughts.
A whirlwind of contradictions spirals through her mind.
And numbers.
Calories, carbs, fat, serving sizes.
She has most of the amounts memorized
For the few foods she allows herself to eat.
And even though her logical side is well aware
That she is not a girl who should care about such things,
Not a girl who needs to find online the caloric content of
clementines,
She cannot stop herself.
Still she compares herself everyday to the celebrities she
sees
On the screen and lovely stick-thin waifs on commercials
Who by pass the high-calorie and opt for the fat-free.
Constantly bombarded with ads against American obesity
And for a second wondering
If she is part of the problem.

Everyone has heard of the girls
Who gradually vanish until little remains
Of body or mind. We medicalize
Their conditions and think surely the thoughts of silly teen
girls
Are merely an affliction, an addiction.
Society's standards are never to blame, of course.
We institutionalize,
And rationalize our own actions,
Ignoring the conflicting cries of the frail bodies
Whose importance seems to slip away with their size.
They become invisible, but they surround us,
With scars like mine on their hips and thighs
Lurking as linear reminders of the ideals worth striving
for.
And starving for.
 Skinny, pretty,
Perfect.

How can we afford to let young girls destroy themselves:
We can no longer sit by as if they alone possess flawed
thoughts;

fighting thin

It is time for society to take responsibility
For the careful destruction of the hearts and minds
Of those who didn't always want to disappear.
How long can we deny, find a alibi,
And refuse to be a ally?
We tire of taking the time to build others up,
Which would be an easy solution
If we would just try.
Please, can we just try?

Establish an atmosphere of acceptance.
Remind one another that size does not define
One's beauty or the value of one's life. And reject
The lies of the airbrushed and objectified,
Standards that no one could or should live up to.
The key to perfection has never been being thin. In fact,
There has never been a key.

It is time to show society that we will no longer tolerate
The vanity of an empty plate, or the glorification
of "thinspiration."
Together, we can make each person realize, even glamorize
The fact that nothing is more beautiful,
More perfect,
Than a person capable of loving oneself.

we're too late

Watch me walk with labored step,
wheezing with my every breath.
Count my ribs, eighteen each side,
never again fit to ride.

My coat is dull,
dust covered and dim,
like my spirit, affected,
when my care was neglected.

My heart beats slow
fuelless and fading,
no will to fight,
how can this ever be alright?

I cannot stand
so I fall to the ground,
now cold and alone
my body, nothing but skin and chilled bone.

In death's final daze
I feel a warm hand
"We were too late." I make out,
they speak of my life, with no doubt.

A harsh hand has laid me here,
a kind hand came to comfort,
to see me through the final wait,
because they had been too late.

morgan carter

to love

To be in love. To be connected.
Two souls intertwined.
The love no one knows,
But me.

To be in his arms. To inhale his spice.
Two hearts exchanged.
To taste the kiss no one knows,
But me.

To promise forever. To stay always.
Two people committed.
To love the man, no one truly knows,
But me.

nadia mcdaniel



117-2/1

thoughts on an old door

It hangs from a nail hammered into the door.
Its once shining color dulled in some places
completely lost in others
worn away by time and use.
Even so, the dusting of white left by its companion shows
it has some life yet.
The sheet music too is weathered
but also maintains its use.
Some outer beauty may be lost but the melody plays on
just the same.

The door itself is simple but strong.
Built for utility rather than beauty
it is black and adorned with nothing but heavy iron hinges
and a small circular handle.
Though the iron is rusted and the paint chipped,
it still does what it was always meant to
as well as support the old violin.

At the foot of the door is a letter.
Bright blue and eye-catching
it draws attention with both its color
and the casual way in which it is placed.
The envelope is creased slightly
as though clutched too tightly by nervous hands.
One cannot know if they were the hands of someone
who could not bring the envelope to the mailbox
or who could not bring the opener to the letter.

Though initially overlooked the most mysterious
is a scrap affixed low on the door
covered in a cramped black font
and torn roughly from a larger page.
Its significance can only truly be known
by the person who placed it
and even then the reasoning
may be a long lost memory.

grace andersen

behind closed gates, but far from safe

Confined.

Gates line the perimeter.

Easily accessed from the outside,

But confined from within.

This is the last stop for many,

As few have been known to escape.

Now all that is left to do is wait.

Wait for the sound of the trigger.

Captured.

Nowhere to run in a fenced area they call the wild.

Sometimes threatening figures slip into the calm silence of the greenery.

Sickness seeps in through the gates just as easily.

Both predators prey upon sitting ducks in the murky water.

No cry of pain can free these captured spirits.

Bargained.

Priceless lives traded for money.

As the lives of innocent animals are tossed so easily,

So are the hearts and minds of the greedy.

What has the human race become if

The lines have been blurred between guilt and greed?

Forgotten.

As animals are confined, captured, and bargained,

only the human heart shrivels away.

However, this can be forgotten just as easily

for the next days target.

hailey willerth

the plague

Every day, girls face a plague.
Constantly bombarded with
Insults and comments
Telling hem that they are
Not tall enough,
Not skinny enough,
Not pretty enough.

Do not hide behind caked lashes
Or smear a smile on those lips.
Do not base your worth
On what others
See.

I am neither fat nor thin
Small nor tall
Pretty nor Ugly.
My complexion is ot pristine nor am I a beauty
queen
I do not smear make up on my face
or cake my eyes because
I want to see.

I want **you** to see,
You all to see.
You cannot see me,
Not truly.
Look into my eyes.
I may not be the prettiest,
the thinnest,
the tallest.
but I love me.

I am above it
Above it I scar.
They can keep their sash.
They can wear their crown.
Because
My smile will never fade
and I will never
Look
Down.

madeline lapage

baule

Serious
Angry, Thinking
Little kids everywhere
Long Beard,
Hanging from his chin
Hand grabbing beard
Focused straight ahead
Like a Leader
Thinking out his next plan.

katie soy

an opportunity to see

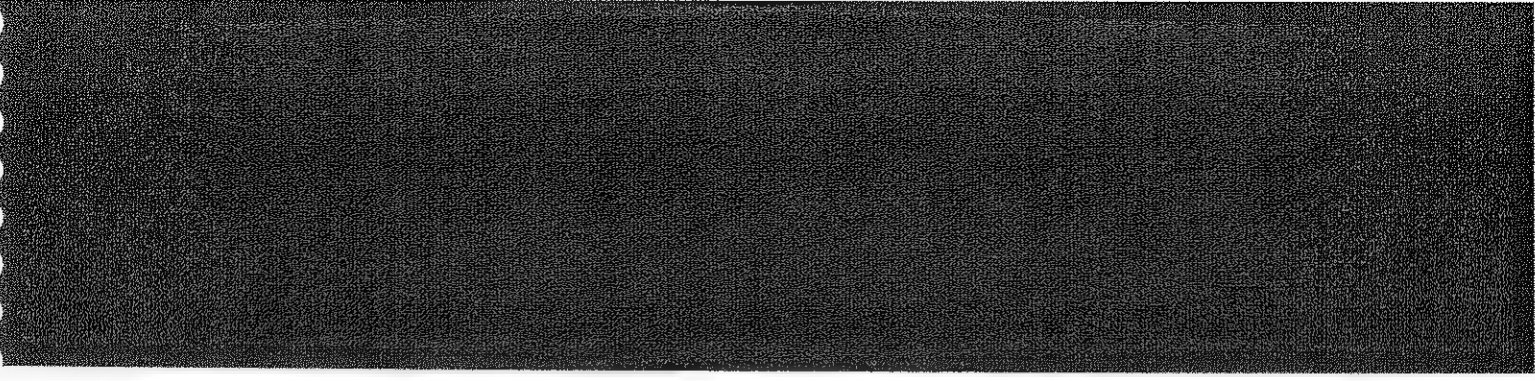
A window,
Allowing a glimpse inside.
Unanswered questions,
no answer to the cries.
She begs, she pleads,
yet no help is given.
They begin,
they stream down,
gliding across her exhausted skin.
No light shines through,
only sorrow and fear.

Finally, the sorrow has faded,
giving light to a dim place.
The tears still fall,
but her eyes are brighter,
allowing a new look, into the glass.

makinzie mccooy



DAVIDE CAVALLO



not brainless, just
shameless and aimless.

-nick morgan

finally

I smear a smile on my blank face.
No one can ever know that
My happiness is a facade.
It may look authentic but it is counterfeit.
I am forced to wear this mask
Because no one will be friends with one who is
Endlessly wrything.

Many glance my way
But few see.
I sit and don my mask
I look smart.
I look strong.
I look quiet.
I look brave.
But my mind is crumbling.

Seldom can I remove my mask.
I consider consequences.
Disgust.
Rejection.
Hate.

No.

I must be smart.
I must be strong.
I must be quiet.
I must be brave.

Until now.

Finally,
I have found the one that
Does not care if I am smart.
Lets me be weak.
lets me be loud
lets me be afraid.

I can be myself,
Can't you see?
He removes my mask from me.

madeline lapage

the triumph of death
by pieter bruegel the elder

The dark conquers, taking all it may
Nothing to stop it means for it to never stop
They flee with nowhere to run
Their solitude being not as it seems

The dark conquers, slaying all it surrounds
Escape means nothing, it is but a shadow of a word
Temporary, unpromising and bleak

Their king has fallen from his rule to be at its mercy
It cares not its victim, his significance was a falsity
We are all equal in the eyes of death
It hovers over him and his people, getting closer and closer
over all of them
It cannot be outsmarted, escaped or overruled
There is no mercy

taylor lilly

ivy stranahan

I was just a child
When called to educate the new settlement:
Fort Lauderdale.
Like a minuteman called to battle
Without warning or adequate training,
I was pulled into the war.
The fetid swampland stung my eyes
As i gazed upon my new home.
The native children peered from the trees
At the unfamiliar white woman,
At me.

Years pass
And the people flock to me;
To my teaching.
Now they read simple books,
And add uncomplicated numbers.
The natives praise my name
While I prepare them for the inevitable battle:
The colonization of South Florida.
Equipped with their newfound knowledge,
They are no longer barbarians,
But rather our equals.
They are Americans.
They are ready.

abby nass

summer's yellow

Bask, in the warm glow,
Under the empty sky
Smile, out of smite or satisfaction,
Feeling the power falling down on you
Dead, is the cold from winter's blow,
A war long fought and won
Distance, a journey of a million miles,
To give the gift of light and life
Benefit, from the glow of summer's boon,
But every yin has its yang
Burning, without a care or a cause,
A power to destroy us all should give pause
Drought, and exhaustion, evaporation, and extinction,
An addiction that cannot be rehabbed
Summer's yellow saves us from winter's tale
Bask in the glow, before the rotation begins again

sean dugan

i am my worst enemy

I am determined and willing.
I wonder what the limits are.
I hear the pounding of my feet.
I see the Friday night lights.
I want to go the distance.
I am determined and willing.

I pretend that the journey is easy.
I feel like giving up.
I touch the contract
I worry what the future holds.
I cry for those who can't.
I am determined and willing.

I understand that it isn't meant to be easy.
I say nothing is stopping me.
I dream of change.
I try to exceed my potential.
I hope to make it to the end.
I am determined and willing.

I am

ryan rivard

the one plagued with wanderlust

I am inquisitive and impelled
I wonder about my life
I hear the voices of generations guiding my way
I see all the adventures I will have
I want to be remembered
I am inquisitive and impelled

I pretend I am a part of the books I read
I feel like a wanderer
I touch ruins and remnants
I worry that I will never get my voyage
I cry for all the people I'll never meet
I am inquisitive and impelled

I understand I must be determined
I say I can accomplish anything if I set my mind to it
I dream to never lose my ambitions
I try to imagine my future
I hope to find the greater purpose of my life
I am inquisitive and impelled

kristen drinnon

asylum

Silence engulfs me,
concrete conceals my cries.
The walls tell me stories,
exposing forbidden secrets.
Revealing the truth.

What is it you say?
I am *crazy*? A *Lunatic*?
No, that is not true.
You.
You are the lunatic.

I am punished,
and for what?
My sadness?
My sorrow?
My fears and my tears?

No, I am not crazy.
I am a human being.
You. *You* are the crazy one.

makinzie mccooy



sunset

The clouds in the sky you could count on one hand
No longer their white and puffy self--
As the sun tucks itself in for the night,
Beautiful shades of orange and pink take over the sky
Not a sign of bad weather anywhere

The trees were once facing the sun--
Getting all the light from it.
Now the trees are leaving shadows on the ground--
From any light the sun has left.
They watch as the sun hides behind the large, brown mountains

A large and calm body of water is creating small ripples
Getting any drop of light it can before the dark comes.
The shadow of the sun still glistens in the water

The trees and water see less and less light as every second
passes

The sun leaving beautiful rays of light
As if the sun came out after a storm.
Soon the sun will be completely behind the mountains
Leaving the trees and water in complete darkness

The trees and water will wait--
Until the sun shines again,
Waiting to repeat the beautiful cycle.

Lauren Salas



scars

How much can one cat take?
Simply look at the devastation he has endured--
His familiar log hanging low from age.
Oh, how the water glistens off of his gold fur, the black
spots,
I wonder how he got those scars?
Did he win an epic battle with a dragon
Or fight a drawn out duel with a brother?
Scars cover his body--the back of his head, across his limbs.

His strength shows while he wrestles a crocodile
Letting out something more, something powerful.
Maybe he fears these brawls with hidden looks
Hiding in the shadows
Fighting in the dark green waters, rippling them.
Will he win his one, will he lose one last time?
Gaining scars, covering his body with what?
Only he knows.

Jenna coe

a message from the countryside

As I float many feet above the ground,
I receive an allusive message
from the view I witness.

I see the eternal azure sky interrupted
by a bold hot air balloon in the distance
flying on its own, depending on nothing but itself.

I see the stream of clear blue water;
it flows constantly with purity and life
reminding me of second chances.

I see the vast fields, a variety of greens
taking life easy, taking it slow
suggesting a mindset to consider.

I see the cloud of thin fog above the town
and now realize, I understand
it is appropriate to feel so uncertain.

sapphire necklace

Behind the glass
Where I have been motionless for so long
Numb.
Why am I so worthless?
Others leave so quickly
But I just lie there
Paused in time
Until a woman discovers me,
A melancholy beauty that's been wasting.
For a moment I am elated
As she holds me so closely.
She needs me, she loves me.

Why is happiness so fleeting?
Once again I'm paralyzed
Strewn across a night stand
Like I am cheap, not fit for eyes
She no longer gazes at me,
Her touch is harsh and rough.
I long for her affection
My heart aches when she's near by.
I never see her with another
But I know,
I know she is with another.

alissa maylym

he is chained

He is Chained.
He's running,
Marooned on an island of loneliness.
He's leaping,
Careening over the obstacles in front of him.
He's falling,
Silently screaming; falling towards his sea of
tears.
He's flying,
free of his chains that bind him.

He is free

chris yoke

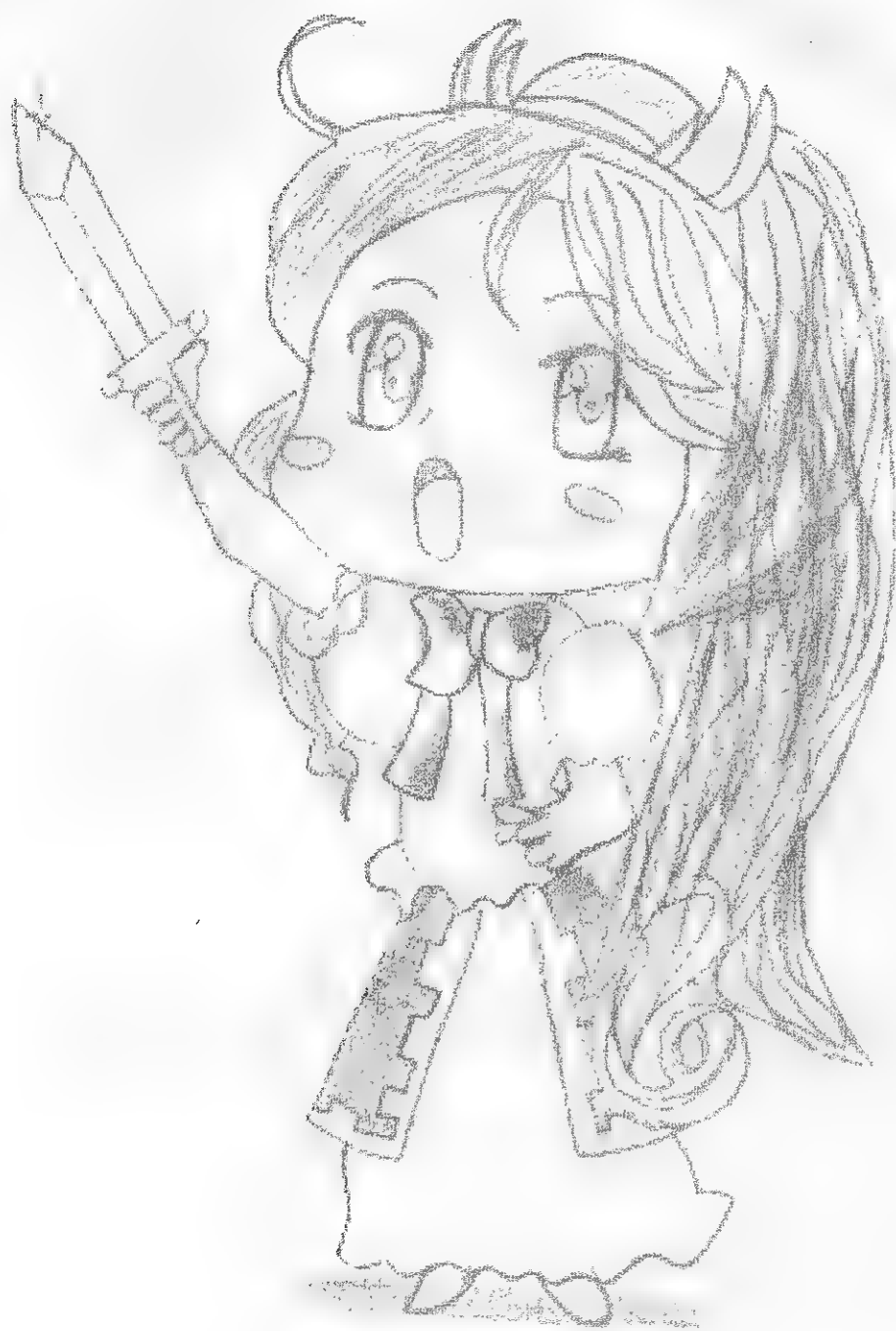
lipstick

I am a vibrant, passionate red.
A cool metal encloses the entirety of my soft body.
I do not know what it is like to feel warmth
And I rarely catch a glimpse of anything but
Darkness, it consumes me.
I do not mind, and I shall not protest
For, I know not time, only her.

She uncaps me and light--
such glorious and unblemished light--
floods in.
I see the world,
The marred baby blue walls,
Her sleek chestnut hair
Languidly falling from her shoulders.

That is my world,
And it is hers as well.
She lifts me to her mouth,
And I grant her quiet confidence,
I arm her with cold defiance.
Her smooth glistening lips complete her complexion.
I succumb to blackness, and she, with a straighter back,
continues.

amanda raleigh



christmas ornament

The darkness withdraws from me once again.
Joining my friends upon the
green home. Observing the colorful
auroras. Witnessing the creatures
become merry and cheerful once again.
I hope for my spot. I can gaze upon
a perfect view of the little ones
opening their multicolored boxes.
This time of year bring out the festivity
spirit within me.

Once again that man shows up.
He consistently brings that big red sack
full of little boxes. He always expresses
friendliness, he seems to say the same
thing repeatedly. He's also quite potbellied
in comparison to the others.
As he placed the last box, green
colors rush around me.
That man reaches and soon has
me eye to eye. "Ho no ho little
one, that was close. His warm touch
brings me back to my spot. The man left,
leaving me to reminiscence his warm embrace.

Sam achenbach

the magnetism of polar opposites

She whirls through a chaotic life, struggling to make ends meet in a tiny greying shack.
Her statuesque appearance hints to past years of wealth, yet She endures many complications that greys the dismal establishment further.
She's been thwarted of opportunistic experiences by becoming her own prisoner, so
She believes that all too many times, love loses its luster. This has caused her to descend further into darkness as the bewitching hour tolls.

He resides in the twinkling metropolitan area, boasting of high rise houses.
He has always tried to clamor his affection for her seemingly deaf ears,
but he is saddened to acknowledge the absence of hope within her.
He finds the sheer bitterness of his society blackens even the warmest of hearts, but
Instead of the meager money she holds, he focuses on the beauty within.
He recalls memories of her that rise with the golden sun, however
He ponders over meaningless everyday chatter.

Their love for each other is revealed as the rays of sunlight touch both lost souls.
His expression becomes timid as she gazes at him.
Her black clouds turn pink as she sheds joyful tears.
She finds that her sorrowful heart has found a lighted path.
He fights the bumbling butterflies trying to break free within air.
Finally, they are able to share their feelings together, dressed in white.

dark love

A ghostly ship so grand
Tall and handsome, he canters into the black saloon
The anti-cupid possesses the inner nobility of his soul
Hostile hearts ill with hopelessness
Where darkness lies, happiness is inevitable
Hell itself would swoon to her innocent loveliness
Their expanding crimes, but their virtues confined in this
cruel reality they call love

On the shores of a mighty river, cupid plays sorrow games
To hear those but gloomy are songs not heard
Despair leaks from the rhythm of the human
The minds of villains are understandably brilliant
Make the miserable and flow through their lives

Sickening feelings come after tremendous torture
Soft lub dubs come from the hated heart
The moon swallows them and they are lost forever in misery
With love, hit pause and it ends
Passion fueled the death of two great lovers
Eerie melodies of songs are played between their deaths

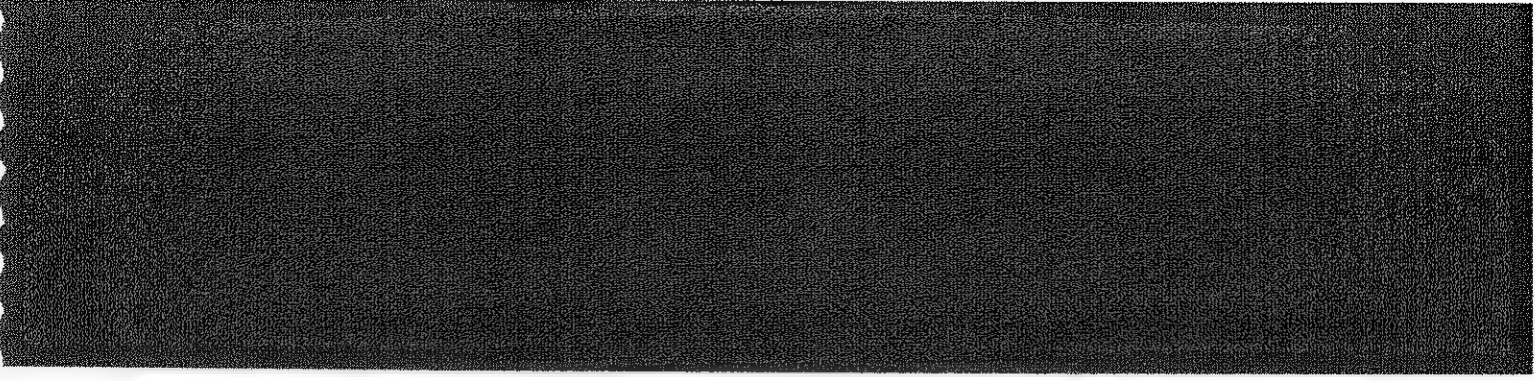
breanna worral

lost and found

Life filled love can elongate your smile,
so I began to encourage myself to start over.
I searched the earth to find the one,
you were sketched in my heart like an irreplaceable picture.
She finally noticed me after two breath taking blinks,
Approaching your quiet self my shyness goes distant.
I just knew peering through those eyes I had met the right
one.

That night I received a sweet note sent with a kiss.
Knowing I can't dry my water filled eyes on your shoulder
I shed the happy tears as I lay my head back.
My dreams may come true from what I have just read.
I shine brighter now that our love is stronger.
Like two peas in pod we gaze into the eyes of our better
half.
She is my one and only,
I no longer have to avoid the feeling of happiness.

gabby kroeger



small, but my heart is
strong.

-taylor cox

remember

tori wailand

Though he has extraordinary powers,
he could use them to climb the tallest tower.
He chose to stare out the wooden window,
waiting for the beckoning of shining stars.
He stares with undeniable grace,
getting lost in time and space.
As his friends keep a straight face,
because they know he is truly afraid.
He slowly stares right at the sky
his feelings slowly starting to come outside.

"Now the only thing I have is the sky
As I wipe the tears off my eyes.
All I have is her love of nature,
as my love, had to meet her creator.
As I pray that she gets to enjoy the sky,
because it was her only pure delight.
For now on, I'll always be at this window.
I'll never take my eyes off the aging willows.
Hopefully through my eyes, she can see,
what the sky can truly mean to me."

For years, and years
staring out, hiding tears.
He kept himself at the same, old window.
But he started to think to himself "How?"
He slowly realizes how many years have past by.
Then he thinks to himself "Oh my..."
As he can't remember his only love,
because he looked straight forward, and not above.

poor girl rules the world

poor girl, ever suffering cruel pain,
for which she struggles and agonizes.
Sweet hope lies deeply buried in those day eyes of hers.
She's still fighting, although life for her hasn't been simple.
By watching the things she gave her life to shatter, her heart
falls sick with terror.
Maybe he once loved you like you love him so? She shall wipe the
tears away.
It is his spirit that will make her spirit dare.
No more harm from him can come to her,
and she should suffer wrong no more.
Her soul then grew stronger, no longer in hesitation
Her was heart ready for anything.
She took arms against a sea of troubles, thereby ending them,
from which she is bloody, but unwavering.
She has built the ladder by which she rises,
washing stains from her in blood no other than her own
Now she sees with eyes serene
A light on the far horizon
She cried and sobbed, glad that she'd done it. Her heart could
now heal.

taylor lilly

stone

I am a stone, sleek and curved
Traveled along river banks and Great Lakes
A life that has eroded me, yet it's a journey I take
Flesh held me in its palm and cast me away
I skipped into the middle of a dark abyss
I descend deeper until my rested family members cradle me
A deep sigh as I begin my journey again

breanna worral

Alas I wash up on shore!
The sunshine dries up the water the tide has left upon me
A seagull struts by, pecking away
I feel as though danger is lurking
Again flesh sheltered me from the sunshine
I descend deep into water again only to find that
I found my new permanent home in a different kind of habitat

take hold, swing straight

What is lost to us,
moments, memories, time itself,
we never gain back.

Fear not, just hold on.
Take hold of the scabbard
unsheath your weapon.

Show them your true force,
powerful as the person
wielding such motives.

Swing it straight and true,
your sword is your ambition
may it find its mark.

morgan carter

i am rapturous and passionate

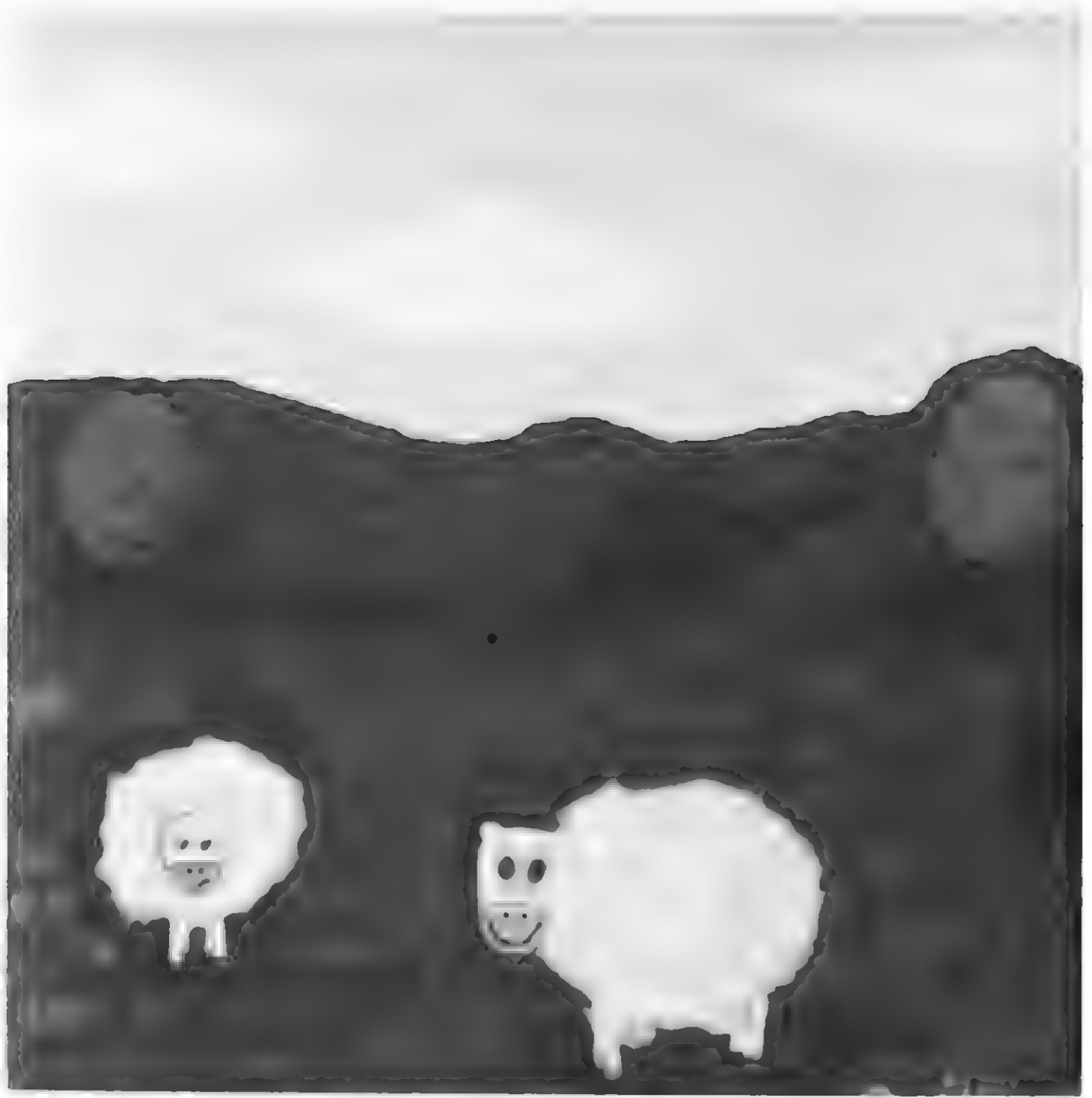
I am rapturous and passionate
I wonder what others think of me
I hear my mom giving me encouragement
I see the vibrant colored leafs drifting from the tree branches
I want to help others in need
I am rapturous and passionate

I pretend that everything is okay
I feel the cool air hitting against my skin as I wind around the track

I touch the strings of a guitar
I worry about people getting hurt
I cry at the thought of losing a friend
I am rapturous and passionate

I understand how important being courteous to one another is
I say as many positive words as I can
I dream of living a long, contentful life
I try my best at everything I do
I hope to make a difference
I am rapturous and passionate

maddie lane



oude foto (1971)

the circle dance

The hawk fights in the circle
running from an unknown hunter,
Swooping low and under the sky
to celebrate its power of flight
Tremendous teeth tear at the tail of the hawk
tightening the circle.

Daring speed the hawk darts toward the danger
the danger of the hunter,
the great beast hurls its mighty spear
impaling the protruding wind of the sky.
The circle grows and the speed slows.

The hawk falls into the arms of the hunter,
his friend in battle and in blood.
This dance is over
the battle already fought and won.

cole kelley

i am

I am strong and afraid
I wonder why my parents married
I hear cursing throughout the house
I see doors slamming
I want peace between them
I am strong and afraid

I pretend I am married
I feel loved
I touch the smooth surface of my wedding band
I worry about separation
I cry over raised voices and accusations
I am strong and afraid

I understand divorce is prevalent
I say I won't let it happen to me
I dream about stability
I try to protect my siblings
I hope for happiness
I am strong and afraid

haylee ernst

the broken ones

And when he breaks you don't forget who you were
a cloud of fear closes in
he'd had an affair, a pleasant journey
I am no fool nor idiot
I saw he was drinking with her, caressing her body
this is no wonderful place
but yet I stay and watch him
the sound of hearts shattering
and the hurt is just unfolding
the place where good and bad are stored
and trouble and hurt and hate will end
nothing can express the pain
and yet I wait for a shooting star
you say I can move on and I trusted it
still her heart waits.

devin nistico

the journey

A native living in the wild,
Searching for answers.
Working hard day by day.
Earning his role:
Providing for his family.
His family supports him along the way.
He has endless motivation that carries him;
Wanting to be the best he can be.
Finding his purpose in life.
Challenged by life's nature.
All of his hard work has payed off.
He has become successful,
Now rich and satisfied.
His life has forever changed.
He will always be remembered,
For his great accomplishments.

Jordan Gronewold

can't you hear me?

kelsey schmelzer

Can't you hear me?
I am screaming for help
Only it's a silent scream
But its the loudest
I have ever screamed
Can't you hear me?
I'm calling out for help
Will anyone help me?
I am going numb
The darkness surrounds me
Can't you hear my silent scream?
Its deafening me.

the venus fly trap

Bright colors and intriguing forms
Welcome the wandering spider.
Waiting patiently is the beast
Who stands still in silence,
For the eight legs to be swallowed
By the vicious beauty of a plant.

The world be its mouth
And the spider human nature.
A world to capture the vulnerable
In its intriguing disguise.

One step into its deceiving trap,
Never to escape be swallowed for life.
Lies we tell ourselves
Comforting out foolish actions.
But forever trapped the wandering spider

shelby ketron



it won't ever happen to
me.

-drew stoefen

alzheimer's wish

I was a forgotten memory and now I am the cure
I wonder if she remembers now
I heard her frustration every time we spoke
I saw her deterioration
I want one more chance to talk to her
I was a forgotten memory and now I am the cure

I pretended it didn't hurt me as much as it did
I felt like I was a stranger
I touched her hand to comfort her
I worried that she didn't know I was there
I cried when I spoke what would be my last words with her
I was a forgotten memory and now I am the cure

I understand that she is much happier and safer now
I say to her that I love her every single day
I dream of her constantly
I try to inform people of this disease
I hope for a cure
I am a forgotten memory and now I am the cure

hannah smith

a hard goodbye

nicole butlett

As I walked up my driveway, I couldn't imagine what was going to be said. I had just gotten off work and was coming home to have Thanksgiving dinner with my family. I felt the brisk chill from the wind flow up the bottom of my coat, tingling my spine. I had the feeling that's how this night would go. Strange but satisfying. Three more steps and I would be ready to ask some of the hardest questions of my life. One, two, and finally, the third. I was at my door. My keychain jingled as I searched for the key to my front door. As I slipped the key into the lock, I felt my emotions start to set in.

This was it, the first time I would ask my parents about the most important woman in my life. I walked in, put away my coat, and sat down right beside my dad. He was sitting on the couch instead of the chair for some odd reason, but I would like to think it was because he knew I would be begging for hugs later.

"Are you ready for this?" I asked as I kicked off my shoes and took out my pen and paper to write down notes. But he was quiet. Which was strange for my father because he was a man of many words. My grandmother's clock was ticking right beside us. Tick tick tick...Ding. And then, there was a glint in his eye. Not one to smile about, quite frankly. It was 8 o'clock and I still hadn't had the nerve to ask my dad an actual question. But with a whimper in his breath, he spoke.

"Go for it," he said in a quiet tone. I looked down at my first question. It was simple but I know it was going to hurt to ask. I sat there staring at it trying to work up the nerve to ask it. How could I be so cowardly? But I had to ask it.

"Who was Lolly Butlett?" I asked. Her real name is someone but ever since my dad could remember, she was called Lolly. And I've always wanted to know why but he never told me. I really don't think he even knows either.

"She was everything to me, always had been," he said. He was talking to me in this sweet, caring tone that I rarely heard him speak in. I could just tell he wanted to go on and on about every little aspect of her. And he did. He spoke of how when he was younger she would sing him songs good night and the days where she worked on the farm and John

a hard goodbye

nicole butlett

There was money enough for my dad to buy 3 bottles of Coke and go to the movies with my mom once a week. She started to become a very strong mother along with her husband: my grandfather Joe.

To me I had always known my grandpa to be of good health. But there was a lot I didn't know when I was young. He was a heavy smoker and an unhealthy eater. He was generally out of hospitals until his last year with us. That year he was in and out of the hospital monthly. And suddenly, he was in again. He had a heart attack. It never registered to me until just a few years ago that he was in the hospital on my birthday and died the day after. My grandpa died on November 2nd, 2002.

"That is when your grandmother started going downhill," my dad explained. He was being strong like a knew he would. But what was coming soon after, I was unprepared for.

My grandma had slowly been slipping. None of us really noticed it until a few months before she was diagnosed with breast cancer. The doctors didn't catch it soon enough to give her a chance. But they still decided to go through with radiation. She was going strong and staying healthy. She had lost all of her hair but she stayed in good spirits. My grandma would always wear beautiful hats to try and cover up in public. But when we had come over, she would remove her hat and tell us of how beautiful she felt around us. And she was truly beautiful.

After a long fight we got the news that she was cancer free. And I had never seen my dad happier in my life than that day when Grandma Lolly called us and told us her results. I can recall the whole conversation. All the breathes my dad took, all the tears of joy he cried, and the moment when my dad put her on speaker so we could all hear her exclaim, "I'm cancer free!"

This joy was soon crushed by another phone call. My aunt Debbie was on the phone with my dad when he started to cry. It turned out that the Chemotherapy actually caused another form of cancer. And from what we were told, it was incurable. She was in the hospital and fighting. She was there for about a week and then they allowed her to go home but with 24 hour care. We were so ecstatic about her being able to go home. But being home would be a problem. She had to be on oxygen all day, every day. That made it hard for her to be mobile.

a hard goodbye

We went up for Thanksgiving last year to celebrate. It wasn't much of a celebration because she didn't remember any of us. She never ate, never spoke, and never moved. But when we were leaving for the night, we heard her gasp. She then began to say, "Nicole." And I lost it. I bawled and told her I loved her and I would be back soon. I held her hand and thought of all the times I had with this amazing woman in my life. I couldn't stand the thought of losing her. She was there by my side every day. She was my castle.

And a few days later, we got a call. It was Debbie again. She told us to come as soon as we could. We knew exactly what that meant, she would soon be gone. As I sat in the car on the way to her house, I didn't cry. I felt like it couldn't be happening so I didn't believe it. We were there. I stepped out of the car and felt the thick heavy air surround me. It was harder to breathe. Maybe it was just because I knew what was coming. A few moments later, I was in the home of my grandmother.

I saw her laying in her bed, motionless. I couldn't stand the sight of seeing my bestfriend on her death bed. The doctor approached my family and spoke.

He said, "I know this is going to be hard but you need to tell her it's okay to move on. She's holding on for you." And there I watched the strongest man on my life lose it. I watched the tears stream down from my father's face. He cupped his face and went into my grandma's room. He was in there for about 20 minutes and then walked out and over to me.

"It's okay for you to go in now," my sobbing father said. And it was my turn. I walked into my grandma and grabbed her hand. I was gentle but I wanted to make sure she would know I was there. She wasn't conscious but that was okay because I knew she heard me. I then walked out of the room. Fifteen minutes later, my grandma, and my best friend was gone. And right now I could recite what I said that very day. But I can't bring myself to say it. I return back to my notes paper, I realize both my dad and I are in tears. Georgene (Lolly) Butlett passed away on Sunday, November 25, 2012. This was also the day I had lost a part of me; a day my family lost our kase.

I love you Grandma.

nicole butlett

the last on the list

Who best would brave a storm
Than Lieutenant Thurmond Wood?
A US mail pilot who kept his form
As well as any other could.

Approaching Davenport to land,
March Thirtieth, 'Thirty-Four;
When the wind had forced his hand,
His plane could take no more.

He went down heading north,
Not far from SUMmit Church.
The family wanted something of sentimental worth--
So for Wood's watch, the minister would search.

On a list, he was the twelfth;
Fully, twelfth and last.
The final pilot to crash himself,
Now a footnote to the past.

kirk kreiter

i am i because of her

I am loving and protective.

I wonder what my aunt would be like without her disease.
I hear the word retard, and I shudder at the sound of that
awful word.

I see her wonderful smile lighting up the room.

I want to be with her every second of every day.

I am loving and protective.

I pretend that her disease does not affect my dad in the
way it does.

I feel her wonderful embracing hug on my dad and I because
she is excited to see us.

I touch her soft as silk hair, as I braid it back so it's
not in her face.

I worry that I will not get a chance to say goodbye.

I cry as I watch my father sob at the sight of my aunt
sitting in a hospital bed.

I am loving and protective.

I understand that she was only supposed to live until she
was 12 years old, and now she's 40.

I say "I like you" and she says it back.

I dream that I am with her all the time, and I miss her.

I try to make people understand that she IS normal.

I hope that one day everyone will know that mental and
physical disease is not weird, and will accept everyone
for who they are, different or not.

I am loving and protective.

one of a million

"This is a tribute to the women and children who are and have been victimized by the sex trafficking industry.

"The title "One in a Million" comes from the statistic that there are currently one million children being used for profit in the sex trade.

"I love you."
"I need you."
"We will be together forever."
A few uttered lines draw her in.
She's not special.
She's one of a million.

"He loves me."
"He needs me."
"We will be together forever."
His vows have me hooked.
I am special.
I am one in a million.

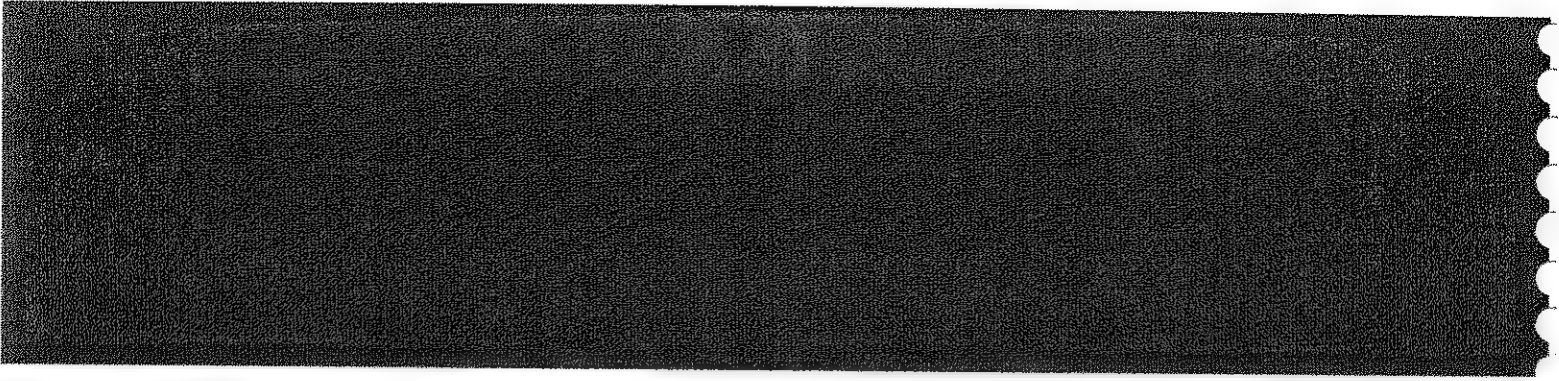
I have her where I want her.
She'll do anything for me,
Even yield her virtue to all my
friends.
She's one of a million.

I am with him, where I want to
be.
I'd do anything for him,
Even give myself to them.
I am one in a million.

Her innocence my profit.
Her soul a simple sale.
One of any come and go,
Each and every day.
Beat her, stab her, starve her
to stay.
She's one of a million.

My innocence his profit.
My soul a simple sale.
Dozens come and go,
Each and every day.
Cannot leave, forced to stay.
I am any one of a million.

kaylea davis



waiting for a stroke
of genius.

-emily drenter

diamond

Every person looks around them and sees
They find even when they do not seek.

A diamond.

Clear, pristine, flawless.

I look around and see not one but fourteen mice that are trying to
make the cut.

None, however, can compare in beauty.
They are faced with the facts laid out before them

You are too tall.

You are too short.

Too fat.

Too thin

Too friendly

Too hairy.

Every person is told what is right.

What is wrong.

What is perfect.

You are too controversial.

You are too revealing.

You are too

Different.

Everyone strives to become a beautiful diamond.

Told that the traits that make them

unique

Are the traits that make them

flawed.

We strive to be just like someone else.

Anyone else.

And then what?

We become the same.

Too similar.

Too alike.

Too perfect.

madeline lapage

shell

She gazes.

Where?

No one knows.

Perhaps toward a lost love.

Perhaps toward a forgotten family.

Perhaps toward the traitor that cut her adrift.

She's a princess, can't you tell?

Pale skin, rich draperies, flowing crown.

A powerful princess, one meant to be queen,

Set to drift with only her feminine power and intuition to carry her.

Her own birth of Venus.

It is a sad birth.

Looking down on the faces of the radiant lost.

Those other women who have bathed in the River Lethe:

Forgetting themselves,

 Their dreams,

 abilities

 personalities

 independence

 Leaving behind their cockle shells.

Never looking in the eyes of those men in their mighty ships.

Into the eyes of those who slobber over them like hounds

Or the seals that fondle their bodies.

But She will never join them.

She is above them.

And perhaps, one day, the delicate ocean breezes,

For only Ariel is allowed to caress her face,

Will shift her eyes toward the lush, verdant mountains at the end of
her journey and

The golden summits beyond.

One day she will leave her shell,

But for now

She gazes.

hidden secrets

Breath
Of air
From my lungs
Comes out faintly
In the frozen wind
As I gaze at the sky
Waiting for the distant clouds
To release their hidden secrets
Secrets recalled from previous times
When I was young, and first saw the snow fall

Countless flakes lazily descend to me
Akin to the ones from memory
Each unique and full of beauty
Splendor that I can't ignore
As I lift my face back
And open my mouth
So a crystal
Can settle
On my
tongue

molly mccunn

i am athletic and intelligent

I am athletic and intelligent.
I wonder why we are here on Earth.
I hear the fans cheering after a touchdown.
I see the game winner.
I want to make the game winner.
I am athletic and intelligent.

I pretend to be Michael Jordan (but I'm not even close)
I feel sore after a long game that goes into overtime.
I touch the backboard after I block somebody.
I worry about turning it over.
I cry after we lose in the state tournament.
I am athletic and intelligent.

I understand that you cannot always win.
I say that we should always win.
I dream that we win the state tournament.
I try and help the team out the best as possible.
I hope that I get to play.
I am athletic and intelligent.

ryan miller

eternal mark

Vail, Colorado; a thriving ski town;
Home to snow embezzled with luxury.
But, it wasn't always a lavish hot spot.
Once a deserted creation of mother nature--
Lifeless like love left behind in a broken heart.
Until one man seized the day and received a heartbeat.

Dick Hauserman; a humble human overcome in dignity.
A father; an admirable role model for his children.
A friend; a loyal guy who clung like magnets to all.
A publicist; a man with aspirations to see Vail succeed.
And a producer; the first individual to leave a mark forever.
A man whose ashes were spread along the mountain he birthed.

hallee wilmott

the king

The gorilla's fur is coarse against my hands
As I tie him to a bed of sticks.
I carefully place a small branch in his mouth,
Trying to honor him,
And give his life glory.
If this majestic kind could fall,
What hope is there for us?

The African heat beats down
As we lift our king into the air.
And as we carry the gorilla out of our hamlet
The corn wilts and
The grass browns.
Smiles fade and
Laughter dies.
As the king disappears,
The darkness creeps in.

What will we do now?

abby nass

i am

I am independent and reliable.
I wonder how things will turn out.
I hear time passing by.
I see myself growing up.
I want nothing to change.
I am independent and reliable.

I pretend to be prepared.
I feel nervous waiting for the future to come.
I touch each footstep passing me by.
I worry that I can't handle it.
I cry thinking that things can't go back to the way they
were.
I am independent and reliable.

I understand things will never be the same.
I say the future doesn't bother me.
I dream about what it'll be like.
I try to pray for the best.
I hope I'll be ready for the future.
I am independent and reliable.

ashley clark

longing

I, once have been introduced to the moon, given, he lives in the shadows, like I.

He's driven my heart into a sense of longing, that does not falter.
My soul seared--I lost a feeling that connected the moon to ashes,
Your darkness into the simplicity of a wish.

The shivering breeze was the artistry of my longing heart.

When thoughts of you come upon me, I lack loving:

The crumbled dusk cannot ache, nor the rise of the sun.

I struggle each step, 'till my knees are weak in burning roses,
that you set ablaze in angst.

Fairly far fetched...you seemed rather innocent.

But you stripped flames with burning devotion at my feet.

I am a weak woman, I cannot grasp the hand of your hatred.

The sun plagues my friend, the moon, and drifts the fog in my way.

No one finds what they are looking for within the line between birth
and death,

Written on the cold stone.

Every young phase weeps, leaking brief, charcoal tears.

"Moonlight, the monsters behind me, I swear, are a part of me now."

But there are so many craters in my moon, full of anger,

That the holes can only deepen before they can fill.

It is quite a waste of life loathing a darkness,

or its perception on your memories.

I free my soul from regret, even during the thundering

of voices from the past, in my head.

Oh, black our gathering was, no, life is never kind.

For the moon to lie in infinite black--the tiny moon,

Breaking faster than my dying reflection.

If this broken feeling were numb,

Then I would never remember feeling loved.

My heart forms it's own company, than finds it's alone.

I long for belonging, as he left and chose a path without me, for I
am lost.

I have needed the old moon, held in the darkness, for, I am alone.

I hate waiting for the full moon so, but he lightens my black
heart.

21 things my father never told me

1. You are stronger than you realize.
2. You are crueller than you realize.
3. The smallest words will break your heart.
4. You will change. You're not the same person you were three years ago. You're not even the same person you were three minutes ago and that's okay. Especially if you don't like the person you were three minutes ago.
5. People come and go. Some are cigarette breaks, others are forest fires.
6. You won't like your name until you hear someone say it in their sleep.
7. You'll forget your email password but ten years from now you'll still remember the freckles he has on his sweet face.
8. You don't have to open the curtains if you don't want to.
9. Never stop yourself from texting someone. If you love them at 4 a.m., tell them. If you still love them at 9.30 a.m., tell them again.
10. Make sure you have a safe place. Whether it's the kitchen floor or the Travel section of a bookshop, just make sure you have a safe place.
11. You will be scared of all kinds of things, of spiders and clowns, but your biggest fear will be that people will see you the way you see yourself.
12. Sometimes, looking at someone will be like looking into the sun. Sometimes someone will look at you like you are the sun. Wait for it.
13. You will learn how to sleep alone, how to avoid the cold corners but still fill a bed.
14. Always be friends with the broken people. They know how to survive.
15. You can love someone and hate them, all at once. You can miss them so much you ache but still ignore your phone when they call.
16. You are good at something, whether it's making someone laugh or remembering their birthday. Don't ever let anyone tell you that these things don't matter.
17. You will always be hungry for love. Always. Even when someone is asleep next to you you'll envy the pillow touching their cheek and the sheet hiding their skin.
18. Loneliness is nothing to do with how many people are around you.
19. but how many of them understand you.

ashley murphy

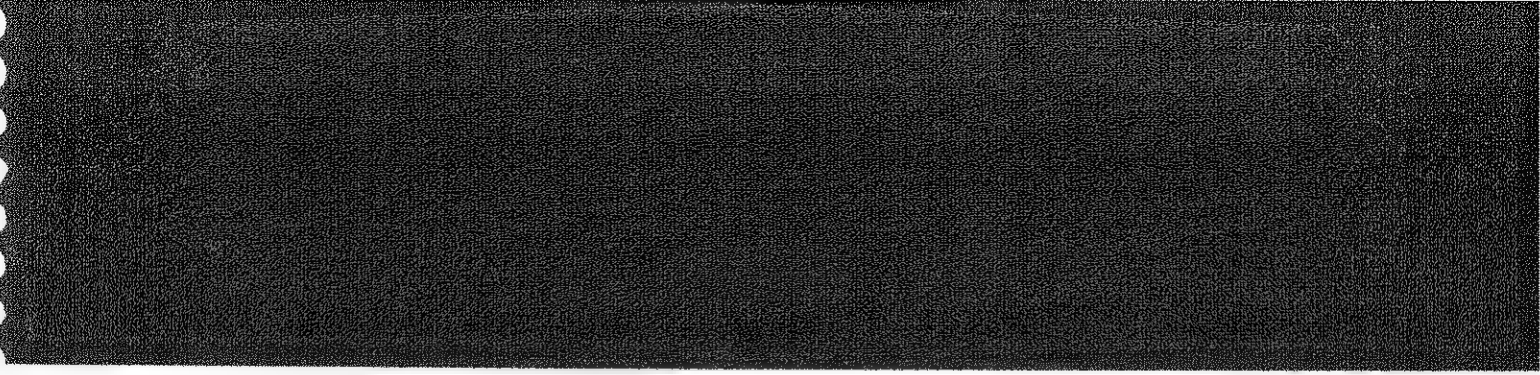
21 things my father never told me

19. People say I love you all the time. Even when they say, 'Why didn't you call me back?' or 'He's an a**.' Make sure you're listening.

20. You will be okay.

21. You WILL be okay.

ashley murphy



six word memoirs drive me
nuts.

-connor brown

a long-forgotten memory

tucked within a tarnished silver locket
where bullets have torn the stale august silence
they find happiness in limitless dreams
such little wisdom strikes their eyes
such deep despair! and still they strive-
survive by ideals dusty and ancient

only the snow white doves the captives admired
their first hopeful sign, received with glowing radiance
because--not so terribly long ago--they cried and shook
through unforeseen storms of slurs
each one of them ruined, flattened by society's suggestions
some nearly dead, some only drunk, but why not?

the moon's ivory glow, the candle's scarlet flame
took the little sparkling cinders to create new, warm light
and just before their brightening renewal
like weathered leaves, the chains dropped
at last, the weary blackened blooms of the beaten
liberated from the prison's pewter-gray confines

headphones

We are connected, the girl and I.
My plastic lips snug in her ears
Or occasionally knotted in the pits of her pockets.
I serenade her to sleep, my tail coiling down her heated neck.
I am a harbinger of song and dance,
The director of music bursting from her lips--
Swaying her hips like a branch in the wind.
Her nonchalant hums leave me complacent,
Wishing that every day could be this way.

Today I am mute.
Though I perch above her lobes,
I am forbidden to speak to her.
Obligated to fight off conversation, I act as a shield
Protecting her from those too ignorant.
While she longs for isolation,
I only long for her lovely voice.
Despite her temperament, I have no apprehension.
These days never endure.

gaby morgan

i am strong willed and adore listening
to music in the dark

I am strong willed and I adore listening to music in the dark
I wonder if you miss me
I hear a melody tuning out the world
I see a distant light at the end of the tunnel
I want to forget
I am strong willed and I adore listening to music in the dark

I pretend to act like it doesn't phase me
I feel the warmth of my covers
I touch the damp sleeves of my sweater
I worry what my parents might think
I cry for the emptiness
I am strong willed and I adore listening to music in the dark

I understand that nothing lasts forever
I say "I don't know"
I dream of something far out of reach
I try for a better relationship
I hope for a change
I am strong willed and I adore listening to music in the dark

ashley murphy

stream of consciousness

Be involved in every single thing here; join clubs; join sports; work harder if you want a starting position; practice makes perfect; practice is right after school; stay after school to do your homework; don't ever be late for after school practice or we will run sprints; don't ever be late for after school buses on game days; leave school early for away games; don't miss class; come in early in the morning to make up your class time; go to early bird or you will sit on the bench; make sure you shower and eat a good breakfast; park at the tennis courts; don't complain about the walk from the tennis courts; don't take a study hall first period; try band it will help you; why didn't you stay before or after school to get help?; it's your own fault for not coming in for help; your grades are suffering so no more television; you're not playing well because you need to relax; sit up straight in your chair; no slouching; pay attention in class; if you are tired you should have went to bed earlier; but my bus got back from my game at eleven; don't talk back; don't drink coffee it's bad for you; make sure you're drinking lots of water so you don't get dehydrated; no food or drink in my classroom; the air conditioning is broken; why didn't you bring a sweatshirt to class?; write the pass on your computer; charge your computer the night before; don't charge your computer overnight or else it will drain the battery; no passes, you should have gone during passing period; go to the bathroom during passing period; passing periods are shortened to five minutes; don't be late to class or you will get detention; always be busy or you will get yourself in trouble; don't be too good; no one likes a teachers pet; fight for your grade; don't argue with teachers; don't argue with students; give your input in class and don't follow everyone else's opinion; don't be a follower; be a leader; don't boss classmates around; do what the seniors say; don't talk in the hallways; be social, not shy; talk to your friends on the weekends; do your homework over the weekend; catch up on sleep over the weekend; hang out with your friends on the weekend; why don't you ever do anything with the family anymore?

lillie devries

i am unique and well driven

I am unique and well driven
I wonder where I will be in 10 years
I hear my parents preaching to me
I see things changing and people growing up
I want to be successful
I am unique and well driven

I pretend I have everything I need in life
I feel like people look up to me
I touch the sky with my eagerness to reach my goals
I worry that I won't be everything I could be
I cry seeing my grandparents, and parents grow older
I am unique and well driven

I understand everyone if different
I say who cares at what makes you, you
I dream that one day people will know my name for something
important
I try to do my best in everything I do
I hope I meet my expectations of myself
I am unique and well driven

kiel brown

the fangs

The first time I had
seen the fangs was in the
dreary, drying, dying winter of the North.

There were not their real teeth, but
rather a mask.
Underneath a frightening white fang.

Glistening in the moonlight,
flashing off the firelight,
Like the stars.

How could this be?
They were human, no?
The masked teeth told me otherwise.
I will never understand how
those fangs became more human than I.
Never will my eyes lie on those fangs again.

dan stutting



latyn yapping



well, my mom thinks i'm
cool.

-emmett boedeker

math poetry

mrs. mentzer, mr. braack, mrs.
johnson, ms. danner, mr. parmley,
mr. marceau, and mr. brunkan

To determine a type of line that is spotted,
Should I draw one that is completely solid?
If I look at the sign,
It will help me to find
That my line will end up to be dotted.

when one thinks to shade
a random point could help you
check for big or small

Given a function
With a zero of 3i
Use long division

Triangles are shapes
One hundred eighty DEGREES
Sides add to ANY

S - Shape
Q - Quadrilateral
U - Uses properties of parallelograms
A - Always congruent diagonals
R - Right angles
E - Equal sides

A-Acute Less than 90
N-None are less than zero
G-Greater than 90 are called obtuse
L-Lines that are 180 are called straight lines
E-Equivalent Angles measure the same
S-Supplementary Angles add to 180

untitled

Marriage is black as the white dress that kissed the flame.
I cannot run away, there is nowhere to run to.
Trapped.
I know that times trickles, the stars still shine, the clock will
sound.
Regardless,
I still feel stale, spoiled, frigid as a ghost.
But I am not dead,
Yet.
Nevertheless,
I descend into my pillow. My dreams shrouded in shadows.
I used to weave sweet dreams of joy and courage.
Now, I lay and wonder.
The one who shaped the heart, is she forsaken too?
I beg her to let me die.
Memories haunt when my eyes shut.
Yet somehow, some way a morsel of hope has fluttered my way.
Hope is a flower.
Even the smallest sprout can blossom.
The smallest sprout reveals that
Hope can never really die.
After so long,
I finally opened my ears.
I heard it.
I felt my heart bound when I beheld.
As my consciousness flourished, my passion bloomed
I saw that those days had been nothing more than
A nightmare.
And when I awoke, I saw that
The journey begins when lovers meet.
I saw that
Marriage shines bright at the stars in the sky.
I saw that
Love is as vast as the valleys,
As a rose must bloom.

madeline lapage

the crane

I see myself
Do you see me?
I am beautiful
I am not rare,
But rarely seen

I will fade away
Like the ripples
Of the pond
Like the ripples
Of time

I will spread my wings
Soaring through life
I see myself in the ripples
Do you see me?

nadia mcdaniel

i am

I am outgoing and caring.

I wonder where life will take me.

I hear the crunching of the ice beneath my skates.

I see the sun shining on a hot summer day.

I want to be successful.

I am outgoing and caring.

I pretend that everything is okay when I really am sad.

I feel that angels are watching over me.

I touch the stars and beyond.

I worry about losing the people I love.

I cry when things go wrong.

I am outgoing and caring.

I understand that no one is perfect.

I say family is important.

I dream of going to the Olympics.

I try my best at everything I do.

I hope to accomplish my goals.

I am outgoing and caring.

Jordanne twigg

teddy bear

My fur is the color of dirt and soft fleece.

I'm placed on a table near a bed, witnessing the miracle of birth

Many people come through, soon the room is bursting with baby blue balloons

We leave to a cozy home-I lie in bed with the miracle. His tiny arms snuggle me when dark falls.

I feel safe-his tiny arms protect me when it's dark

Day comes again, but my guardian angel never leaves. He is gripping tighter than normal.

I feel a drop of water fall onto my fur-he tightens his grip again. The tears stop. I am his guardian angel-his safe place.

Daybreak and nightfall continue to strife, but years pass by.

The boy keeps growing. I wait for the arms that protect me-They stop coming.

To him, I am invisible.

I see him grow from afar. I'm tossed into a musty, dark chest. He closes the chest. Infinite darkness.

Abandoned. Cloudy. Hurt. My protector doesn't need protecting anymore.

lauren salas

unsolicited advice to eight-year-old girls

Play with your dolls as much as possible; dress up as often as possible; always be confident in what you are wearing; always be confident in yourself; share your dolls with others; share your feelings with others; be nice to your younger brother--you were once his age; try to remember everything you learn, you will need it later; never be afraid to learn; always ask questions; read as many books as you can, they are a way to escape; never be afraid to travel; always try new things; introduce yourself to new people, you might make a friend; don't stay near people who don't bring out the best in you; never be mean to anybody, ever; be friends with boys, they actually don't have cooties; try hard in school, no matter how boring it is; do not compare yourself to others; remind yourself that your best may not be somebody else's best; you have a talent in something, find it; search for something that makes you happy; do anything that you are passionate about; you can do anything you want to; learn to manage your time now, it will come in handy later; develop good habits, and don't keep the bad ones; stay on top of your schoolwork; always be kind to your teacher; *but everybody will make fun of me!*; "teacher's pet" is not derogatory; do not be defined by the labels others put on you; do not label others; put your name on everything you own; remember, not everyone can fit into a shiny little box--no one is perfect; accept your flaws, they make you who you are; find people who accept you for who you are; know that your family will always accept you.

LIZ FERRY



untitled

Broken,
twisted,
defeated.

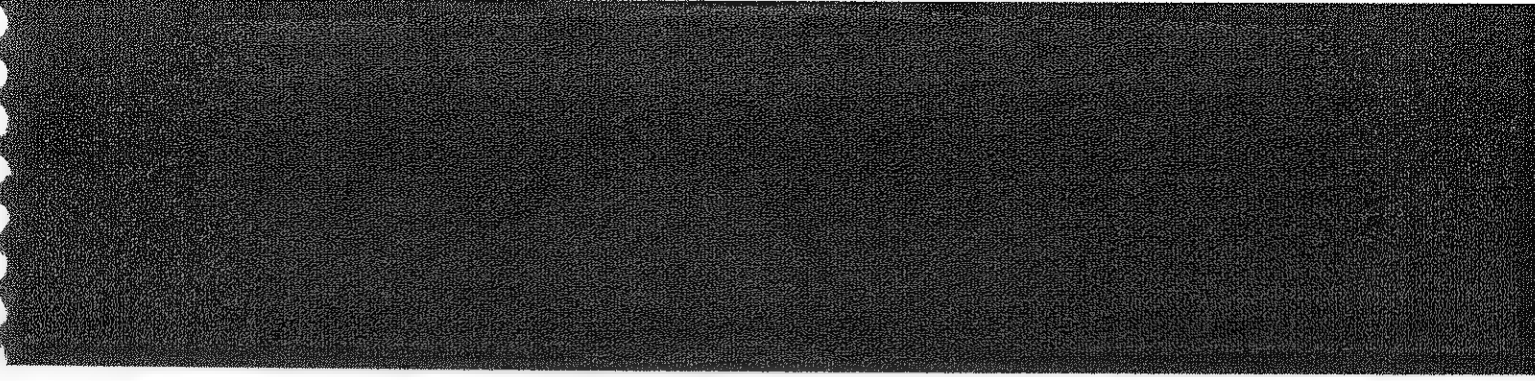
So much trust
we
have in our Mother.
She provides and
we
only survive.
But now,
we
bite the hand that feeds.
Spit in the eyes that see. And now she leaves
me.

Broken,
twisted,
defeated.

dan stutting



Rocky Coast



i write better
in my bed.

-jenny dowd

my own adventure

I am determined and hardworking

I wonder where I might end up in the near future
I hear the busy noises of traffic and people rushing by
I see the new streets, places, and faces
I want something different in my life
I am determined and hardworking

I pretend to act as if I am staying and not leaving
I feel the cool, refreshing breeze dance through my hair
I touch the door which opens to a new adventure
I worry that maybe I won't succeed no matter how hard I try
I cry thinking about leaving my family
I am determined and hardworking

I understand that sometimes my dreams may not
become reality
I say "I want to see the world from a different perspective"
I dream about the wonderful things that may come
I try my hardest to hopefully live out my dreams and fulfill
them
I hope to see and experience new things
I am determined and hardworking

ali schmitt

the dream

The Sky is keeping snow. It's midnight and the world feels
like an ice cube,
She lets out-a sorrow-so desolate.
She groaned, complained, and following that, she frowned.
Its flowing into her dream,
Take us where you remain, where you were.
Two baguettes are purchased each morning, by a woman.
Take just one more glance and yes-the face is featureless.
Buried in her frock, the precious note, that she drew un-
deniably quick.
The great stone box is excruciatingly displayed.
Whether in black or white, a portrait can show us, what's
wrong, what's right.
His hands were constantly busy,
But without an artist; no artist exists.
Poem are created by fools like me,
I can't write, I'm just convinced I can't.
Only if you are brave, I am bravery.

katie soy

letter

I am folded and torn, yet my message is clear,
Whatever I read, I tell only the truth.
Whether I speak of good or hard times,
the feelings of one, passed on to another.
The insight of a soldier, worn and tired.
I usually sit, folded in his pocket,
until he adds to my message, with stories of battle.
Folded again, but this time, the last.
I am sent on my way, to the next.

Now, I am opened, a woman is reading,
searching for the answers in which I withhold.
She smiles, with pain seeping from her eyes.
I watch every morning, as she writes her reply.
Ever so often, she glances my way,
as if searching for the rights words to say.
Then she wishes him luck, as she bids him farewell.

makinzie mccooy

i am

I am determined and optimistic
I wonder what my future will hold
I hear laughter
I see memories of good times with family and friends
I want a cure for cancer
I am determined and optimistic

I pretend that words don't hurt
I feel blessed
I touch the sky
I worry about ones in need
I cry when I see the ones I love hurting
I am determined and optimistic

I understand positivity determines success
I say God is great
I dream of adventure
I try to be a better person today than I was yesterday
I hope to make a difference in others lives
I am determined and optimistic

hailee jones

night and sky

Two large dragons,
One black, one red,
One of night, one of welkin,
One starving, one fed.

Dragons of the night
Are smart and cunning;
They can be very such a fright
And they can be very driving.

They take turns, each month
On feeding on the decayed
And burned remains of their prey,
On their similarly stated enclave.

They can read minds
And tell the future,
But have yet to learn
That fate isn't there to be nurtured.

They can have all the visions,
Can tell all the prophecies,
Can provide all of the provisions,
But cannot tell them the future seas.

Yet, they are of few number,
Holding together,
To each other,
Just in case their little island goes asunder.

There is another dragon tribe,
Similar to the NightWings,
Who also have scrolls and scribes,
But are of a different Wing.

They are rich and luxurious,
Confident and proud,
Yet greedy and parsimonious,
And have been sawed.

night and sky

With a life of tyranny,
Selfishness, unfairness,
Greediness, and duelry,
All for being wondrous.

Red, orange, and in-between,
They come in all kinds of shapes,
Colors, and fine braceletry.
They also eat those nearly hairless apes,

And throw them into their arena,
Hopelessly fighting their draconic prisoners,
Only to be eaten,
Even by the weakest amateurs.

And that is why we have to pay our respects
To those two dragon families
For they have fought for different sects,
And been through countless rivalries.

edgar wymore / quarrx rylzma

house cat

allyson baetke

Once I've awakened from my sound slumber, and you have felt my frustrated pounce each morning, you must absolutely perk up immediately; But why does it have to be so early?; your first task I believe should not be so strenuous seeing as you possess those things you call "fingers;" though you seem to make a simple task more burdensome than it actually is; although I take pleasure in your friendly morning massages on the pillows and blankets of mine that you seem to believe belong to you--I do not understand your self-absorbed ways...you are selfish--and lazy; if you would just budge your body to assist the needs of myself, though clever and majestic, I am not complete with the abilities that I seem to need to survive in his place because you will not turn on my water; when you've finally done what is expected of you, I do appreciate a second massage--if I do not receive my pampering, you will suffer the consequences, these consequences usually usually consist of a clawing, although I do tend to forget that I am a vicious and powerful leader lacking the most crucial weapon of all--claws; claws can be used for so many things such as: climbing, scratching, itching, massaging, hanging, gripping, so mostly everything; when massaging my fine body, you will need to start with my ears, move to my shoulders, give me a slight rub on my bottom--not too much, I'm ticklish--I do not tolerate touching on my stomach, that is uncomfortable and unpleasant and you will feel the wrath of my sharp fangs and you may or may not come out with fingers; much later in my day when you've returned to my home at the end of your search for a higher quality leader, you must refill my food because by that time I have eaten it all and am in desperate need for more; I live for food, I am a caring leader that deserves all of the food, By the way, I should really cut down the food I'm giving you, you're getting kind of fat; never ever annoy me while I am eating; do not make loud noises at any time, I am deeply frightened by them and they cause be to scurry--though I am a very talented and gifted scurrer, in would inconvenience me to do so, you would never cause your precious leader trouble, would you?; you will never find a better and less demanding leader than myself because I am very fair and flexible;

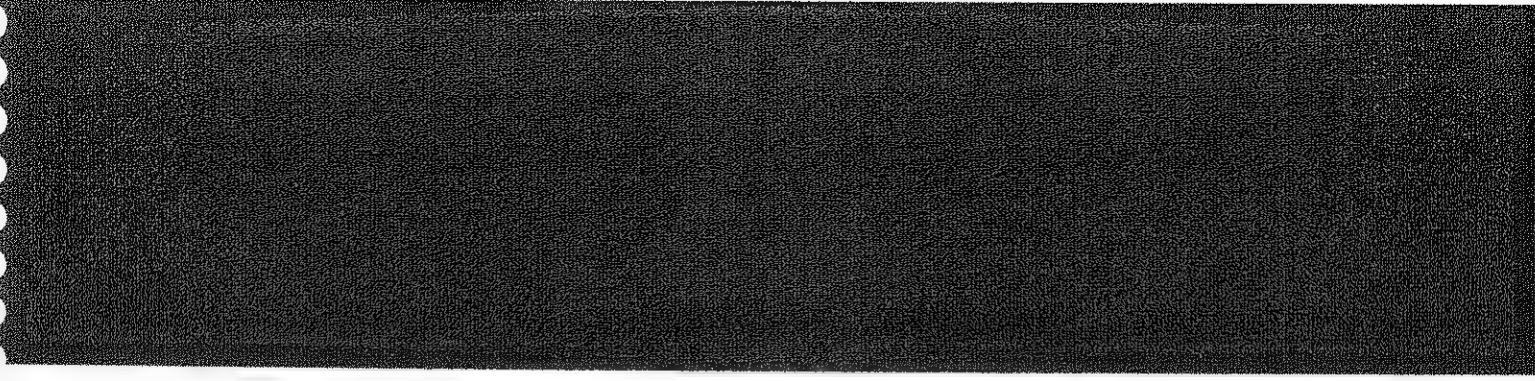
house cat

I do not bite you as much as you deserve o be bitten for your immense ignorance; you are lucky that I keep you around with all of you careless and impetuous ways; I am a fine leader--I should be respected, I deserve better than the likes of you; at bedtime, always remember to let me into my bed-sheet cave, otherwise I will have to burrow, a well-respected king must never burrow; you must know in your mind what my needs are at all times to live up to my expectations.

allyson baetke



MINERAL SPECIMEN



get out of your
foxhole
already!

-blake judkins

the birds

A blue jay soars overhead;
Never stopping,
Never slowing.
She tries to catch it;
Always chasing,
Always reaching,
But it passes too soon.

She retreats to her home;
Looking up to see an eagle
Perched in wait.
The noble being
Here.
The fantastic majesty available to her
Now.
Showing the promise for today--
The present.
Here.
Now.

abby nass

i am

I am strong and courageous
I wonder how things would be today
I hear your song playing in the background
I see that cross every day
I want things to be the way they used to be
I am strong and courageous

I pretend that I am okay without you
I feel happy when I think about the past
I touch your blanket
I cry when I think about the past 6 years without you
I am strong and courageous

I understand that everything happens for a reason
I say things will get better
I dream that we will meet again someday
I try to make myself believe things are getting better
I hope I make you proud
I am strong and courageous

aletha laughlin

who is she?

Who is she?
A happy painted smile
On a white powdered face,
Pure in the culture of many years trained.

Who is she?
Makeup of red lips
Burning for conversation.
Performer for many
But working for one.

Who is she?
Underneath a disguise
Of culture's past,
Dressed in high elegance
With a painted face.

Who is she?

hush

In life lies a harsh. harsh. concept.
That only I can set my melody free--
To smear the rhythm of my canvas;
To create a dissonance in my heart;
To joyfully sing or humbly...hush.

But I was too timid to say a word.
I lost my fame and sunk in shame.
My body as precarious as fallen stars.
My voice, my voice--gone
As age whisked through my veins.
I inhaled and exhaled in repetition.
Wheezing until I could no longer breathe.
One look, and you would have seen
A promising prospect pricked with pain;
A heart hollow of health and harmony.

hallelu
wilmott

nonexistent

I am masked and hidden away
I wonder if anyone actually notices my subtle hints
I hear the laughter of careless world around me
I see people all around me enjoying life
I want someone to actually notice
I am masked and hidden away

I pretend to live a remiss and euphoric life
I feel as if no one is around to care
I touch the imaginary shoulder of someone that cares
I worry that this will never change
I cry an unheard cry
I am masked and hidden away

I understand very few, if at all; actually care
I say someday things will be better
I dream of better places and a happy future
I try to reach out and tell people how I really feel
I hope I will eventually be happy again
I am masked and hidden away

aaron carman

a deal for life

A lost girl with no clear path
A lost girl with a muddy past.
Left on a sinking Titanic,
no escape,
closer and closer to death
She fought like a wolf, fierce and untamed
but to no avail.
Being shot with words broke down her walls.
The demons' silent hiss in her ears grew louder and louder,
beckoning her forward, while
the Fast, trailing her like a dog, nipped at her heels.
Even the birds cackled at her when she walked.

Everyday she died,
mourning the loss of another part of herself.
The world is the one that pushed her to the edge.
As she stood at the threshold of death
her eyes glazed bringing her closer to the end, but
it was not her time
The people who might save? There was one.
He bargained and plead until she turned around.
He asked her, "why should you be scared of the future?
Maybe the hate will never end, but how can you know?
The path to the future is not certain, but the past is cloaked in
darkness
there is no turning back"
Her blind eyes could see again!
He had taught her heart to feel.
With a gleam of hope twinkling behind her lashed,
she stepped away from the edge.
God's true message for her sounded:
it is not the end

courtney kuhl

shadows

My pain lies in the shadows of behind doors and dark halls.

If I stay forced in the light will I escape the pain?...The thoughts of self doubt, harm, hatred, and death?

It is but human nature: this thing called curiosity. So I peek behind the door and glance into the halls, but all I can see is the darkness that lies ahead of me.

I build up some courage, and take one big LEAP into the dark.

I'm YANKED into the shadows,

PUSHED and PULLED down,

I'm SLAMMING

I'm SCREAMING

Now I'm SILENT

I am stuck in the darkness around me,

I don't put up a fight,

because somewhere in the shadows I find comfort.

In this darkness I decide to stay.

I find a place to put up shelter;

I shall call it the shelter of deception.

A foundation of pain is poured like concrete,

walls of lies are put up as drywall,

windows of longing and sills of fear,

doors of opportunity and locks of confinement,

then the roof, the arch that keeps everything together,

The roof is built of life, but the shingles are built of death.

This place will be my home, called deception because

when people come to visit,

the things that this home is made of don't show.

Passersby don't take a second look,

even the mailman sees nothing wrong, but I do.

And I'm trapped in it.

Next to my home flows a river.

This river flows with the tide and goes with the motions,

just as I do.

shadows

But this river also withstands all, and no matter how much
it floods and storms it always recedes back to the river. No
amount of blood I shed will change the color of the water.
For I am small, and the river, mighty and bigger than me. I
realize my insignificance and shrink to a single raindrop.

The house can be rebuilt, the river will always become strong,
the darkness can become light, so, why can't I?

From my windows of longing and the depths of the river I see a
light. Small, and distant, but there.
I shall go in search of it.

I pack my bag with hope and wonder but I can't leave the pain or
fear behind, so I stuff them in the bottom of my bag.

My journey takes me to a mountain, tall and vast.
A mountain miles high and looming, I must conquer.
At first intimidating, but its rawness becomes familiar.
The upward bound climb starts with ease.
Things seem to be going up,
the mountain and in me.
But the easy path can not continue,
it's too much, patches of steep inclines and jagged, loose
rocks.
Stop for a minute, things go dark.
My mind is racing with thoughts of pain and doubt.

As I start to go back to my life of comfortable despair,
A familiar face comes and offers a hand.
Together we decided to go on,
making a path as we go along.
My faith renewed, and the summit in view.
The path divides and split--
Alone again, I am. my burden, too much to carry.
I'm stuck again.

The light is close, but the darkness is too.
Deciding, the easy or the hard.
Darkness being familiar but the light being enticing.

ally
frieden

shadows

My foot slips, suddenly I'm slamming, sinking, and screaming again. Hitting hard on jagged, fragmented stone the pain and darkness lodged back in as the rocks that are cutting my skin

Struggling to even move, somewhere inside of me I find strength to push on. I go back and forth between the lightness and the dark, having to choose a side.

With a new fire built in me, I have tasted the light and I do want more.

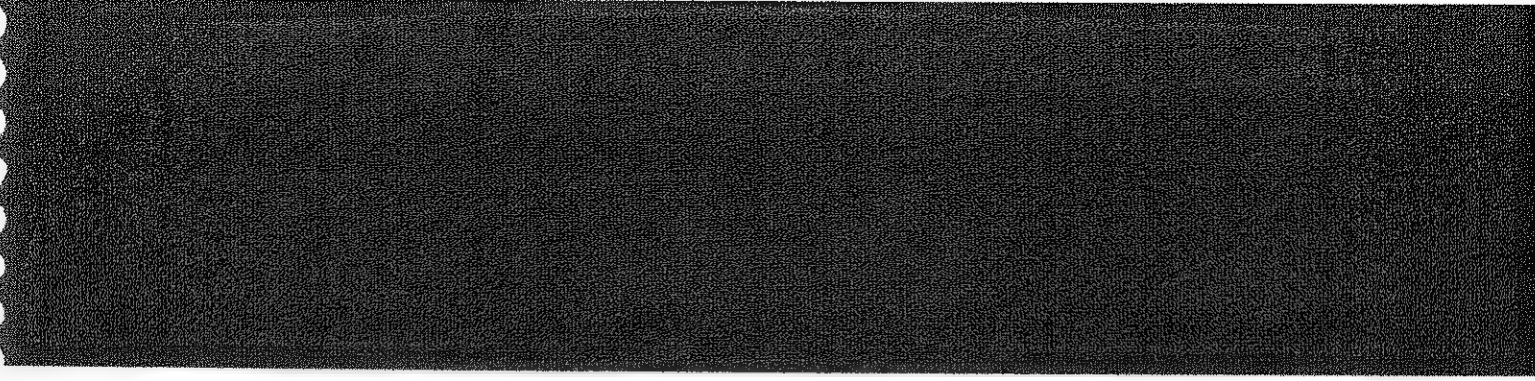
turning to face the treacherous beast, realizing how far I've come,

I have made it to the light!

Though much left to go on my journey up Mount. Life, I have escaped the complete darkness.

I still visit that shelter and river quite often,
I still feel all the pain from before,
but I finally found something worth more,
and that is,
The Light.

ally frieden



somber,
 silent,
 sad,
the world's thinkers.

-mike rangel

the fallen ones

There are some Angels trapped,
Red hearted Kings and Queens a thousand strong--
Evicted from the castle.
A maze of streets:
Observing them as inanimate things to do.

These Angels find themselves lost and lonely,
For, immortality makes all love die.
A few collapse, succumbing to deep despair.
'Oh God!' They cry,
'Remember us!'

As ones loved, they had loved.
Emotion, their unforeseen weakness.
Hope blooms in rain but in vain,
Because the reflection one finds is always the truth.
Only to hell all are damned.

amanda raleigh



the troubles of retaining the past

Put on the mask to visit the rituals, proverbs, and music of the past.

Remove the mask to enter a world of isolation.

Feeling the past, but worrying about the future.

He looks through the face of his ancestors for help.

While years of tradition can be seen through onlooking oval eyes,

Wisdom grows through each encounter, like the beard on the mask.

He stands face to face with generations of members--

Many of which have been absent for years.

But living through the past is nothing like the future.

As he removes the mask, the ideals of the past are lost.

A golden opportunity is now speckled with deep despair.

An ancient government becomes challenged,

But, like their fierce past, fights for survival.

hailey willerth

the reign and suicide of cleopatra

There is freedom within.
There is freedom without.
The reign of Cleopatra is falling over us, like a crisp rain.
Hope is gone, the soldiers have fallen.
Do you see what I see?
Slithering, scowling, hissing, sneaking.
Upon her breast she feels a prick.
More than wine will spill tonight.
A limp hand tumbles, and preparations commence.
One, two, and three and three becomes one,
Of opened mouth, and severed tongue.
A decadent glance, and painted jewels
A golden mask, for those who rule
Have mercy on the souls of the queen
As the asp slithers away.

cierra svetlich

i am

I am thoughtful and determined
I wonder what if
I hear the criticism
I want to be remembered
I am thoughtful and determined

I pretend not to care
I feel the desire
I touch my dreams
I worry about the downfall
I cry at some memories
I am thoughtful and determined

I understand what it will take
I say "I will"
I dream of things that could have been
I try to explain my thinking
I hope people understand someday
I am thoughtful and determined

kier brown

raggedy ann

Moonglight radiates off her face;
She'll use her knife and take your place.
Beaming with sardonic creep,
She looks at you while you sleep.
Atop your shelf, she delays and sees
What transforms our fears into utter pleas.
She turns that emotion into power,
She grows brawnier within the hour.
Along she tiptoes in the night,
Searching for an ambrosian bite.
Upon your shoulder she will peek!
Will you play hide and seek?
Her neritic gaze peers in your soul,
Soon your being is what she stole.
Wasted time as she strangles your hope
All you can do is sit and mope.
You'll know then your life is dear,
But perhaps that demon is lurking near.
She'll lay there with a happy face,
Another victim; another place.
Moving about in the phantasms of strife
She lures you in and takes you life.
She will glide out the dark,
Hunt you sister in the park.
In an instant you are gone
The accursed hurriedly moves on.
A lonely existence is her curse
Inside this doll is her hearse.
Peek along her jagged seams,
Her rusty knife is all that gleams.
Jump back fast or you cannot play
Then you'll live to see another day.
To never know love is her oath
And she will not mind taking you both.
Darkness is her tomb; where she remains,
With three redded blots for which she stains.
You're the only one, who knows why,
In which your parents will then spy.
They will question and begin to lurk,
Your caution is they're steadfast shirk.
Her dirtied clothes reveal her age

chris yoke

raggedy ann

chris yoke

But the book of her has no page.
You cannot know for if you do.
You will die like the utter few.
Her secret within she always hides
Makes your family take shady sides.
You want her gone and destroy this curse,
So you steal your mother's purse.
Fifty dollars later and with gallons of gas,
You grin with intent as she turns to ash.
The doll just sits afire and stares your way
All the while her grin just stays.
Those beady eyes with her gaze
Turn to black ingrown glaze.
You feel uneasy and add more gas,
Her rugged gown begins to crass.
Don't think twice and look her way,
In your sight she will stay.
But turn your back and if you are wrong,
You won't last all that long.
If you see her say these words,
"hide and seek is still preferred."
She will giggle and taunt you still
And shove you from the window sill.
Acting with swift haste,
Of your flesh she shall taste.
Throw her from her airborne shelf,
Throw her in the fire yourself.
This will always break the curse,
But she will be free from her untimely hearse.
Bring back the ashes and plant them deep.
And upon her grave you must weep.
Feel the loss with all that will follow
And seen your heart will feel too shallow.
Back in your room; your sanctuary from fear.
She is gone her gaze won't peer.
Close your eyes and go to sleep,
You will not hear her weep.
She will glide out her tomb and into the dark,
And hunt your sister in the park.
The next day follows and she is there,
Blood and soot in her hair.

raggedy ann

Look outside and ashes will rain,
Your family felt the horrid pain.
Your dad, your mother, your sister too!
They all felt her knife anew!
You will scream and fight her off,
But she will leave and plainly scoff.
Memories of pain as the cops arise
Thinking the case of utter lies.
Eternity sheaths your psychotic fear,
Hardened hearts; you will soon begin to leer.
They'll lock you away in a land of steel
And you will soon forget how to feel.
Years will come and but you still aren't free,
Her grisly face is all you see.
She cackles hard and asks you to play
Will you live another day?

Chris Yoke

raindrop

I am small and transparent.
I fall freely,
knowing no boundaries.

I do not travel alone
I depend on the clouds for support.
I have seen many parts of the world,
Good and bad.

My destination is unknown...
Where I land is where I am
meant to be.
Although I am not always happy
with where I end up.

I land--
Splat! On the window of an automobile.
Their eyes pierce through my well-being.
They watch close as I slide passed their
emotionless faces.

They know nothing about me.
Where I've been,
What I've seen.
I'm just a drop easily erased.

I cannot stay long.
Always moving,
Always changing

nikki mcdaniel

winter woman

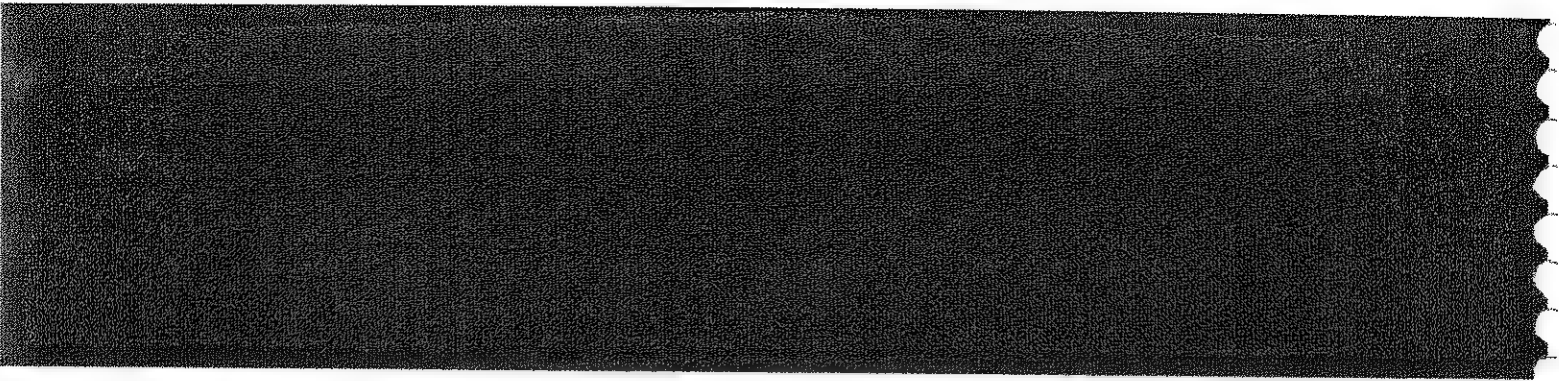
Sub-zero temperatures,
she tries to keep warm,
An absence of love,
has created this storm

She puts up a cover,
an icy shield.
She hides through the pain
albeit--in vain.

The cold wind whips,
creating cracks.
Splintering her armor,
she refuses to look back.

A shattered soul,
she still remains.
Frozen in ice,
encased in pain.

anna denger



climbing the walls
to get out.

-lee meier

travel to death

This storm is infinitely powerful.
The breeze sweeps me around
like a doll with fluttering wings in a molten desert
my staggering gasps flurry in the wind.
I hear the unbroken bellow of a bird diminish.
Old shine new of day breaks through in a golden sunshine
the light so distant they can't reach.
The air a bleak whisper against the darkness
The insatiable craving returned
as he stands holding the starshine in his arms
excluded from this astonishing experience.
We passed on in advance of listening to the echoing whispers
traveling across a lagoon of our own lives.
These deaths will set us free.

kelsey schmelzer

shells of life

The birth of a new life
Looking towards the light
the first steps upon the sand
warm, gritty, and white

Survival is scarce
the ocean is the goal
blinded from the dangers
traveling all alone

no mother by her side
and yet she survived
made it to the water
where she swims and dives

devin nistico

black bear inua

A pair of polar opposites
Lie in the vicinity of her body.
One masked as a human;
Dancing in her disguise.
The other--a possessed beast;
An inua she could not erase.

Incapable of holding her heart.
Incapable of bearing her breath.
Incapable of eliciting her eyes.
Never once did it look out for her;
But rather ripped the iris from her skull.
Leaving only a scar to hinder her existence.

Now she hides her face in shame and pity;
The roar of her fury anxious to surface.
Why should she have to live like this?
Break free of your guardian, dear friend.
Experience the world without being shielded.
View life through the eager lens; not the vile one.

hallee wilmott

caricature

I am not me, I am her.
Painted, airbrushed, distorted.
Purple parkas and panther spots.
Am I a joke or a representation?
Years fly by, more walls to stare at, posters join my company.
Her presence is constant, connected to me,
By passion for purple and things we see.

As I watch, she grows, she weeps, she rejoices, she learns.
Each day a ritual, one glance is cherished.
Waiting for her gaze to meet mine, to share the moment once again,
I smile my toothy grin, with dreams of reciprocation.
As the Picture of Dorian Gray, I change too.
Each day growing younger, more childish. Her--girlish no more,
Mature, lovely, budding and beautiful, I wish I was her.

anna denger

i am

I am ambitious and content
I wonder if the grass really is greener on the other side
I hear words spurring me on
I see signs telling me to slow down
I want to find my place
I am ambitious and content

I pretend to know my intentions
I feel stretched between two worlds
I touch the border between two lives
I worry that I'll be forever stuck on the border
I cry for those that haven't found their place
I am ambitious and content

I understand that my time is short
I say that I'll find my way
I dream that everything will fall into place perfectly
I try to keep moving through the days
I hope to lead my own life
I am ambitious and content

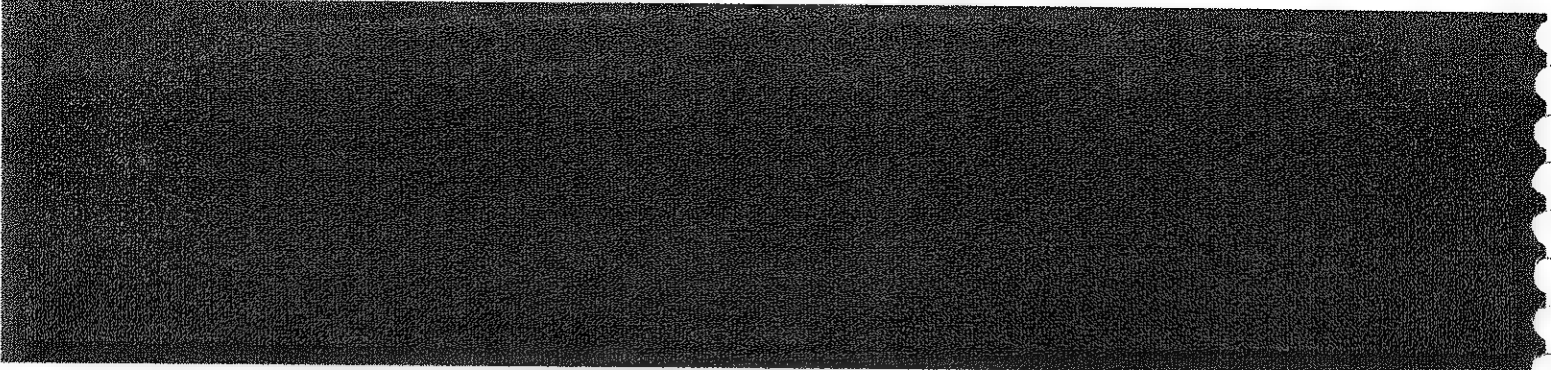
jevon boley

haven

chris yoke

There once was a little boy
Who loved his love with more than love
And every day, they played beneath the crooked branches
Of the Hanging Tree
Round and round they went
Laughing and shouting so joyfully
Years began passing
And soon it came to be
The boy, now a young man
Asked his sweet
To meet him beneath the crooked branches
Of the Hanging Tree
As midnight drew near
And night veiled the land with mist
The two young lovers met
And shared but a hasty kiss
Neath the crooked branches Of the Hanging Tree
"I cannot stay my love." Whispered the boy to his muse, giving
his love a farewell gift
"Tomorrow, we can be together at last."
The two lovers parted ways
Leaving nothing but the crooked branches
Of the Hanging Tree in silent witness
And just like they had planned
Then two of the young men came to their haven again
His love was waiting
Wearing a necklace of rope
Destroyed by grief he joined his lover
Strung high in the crooked branches
Of the Hanging Tree
Imagine a jealous man's surprise
To find the objection of his affection
Had chosen death and an eternity with his murdered love
Driven mad with grief and regret, he took his life
Staining crimson the ground neath the crooked branches
Of the hanging Tree
And now when the midnight bell tolls
And Night shrouds the land with her mist
The Two lovers come together and shared but a hasty kiss
Repeatd the crooked branches
Of the Hanging Tree





starting in iowa, finishing
somewhere new.

-ali schmitt

the spyglass

I see the eye of explorers, The dream of mankind,
I have seen the ends of the Earth,
the worry in the eyes of those expanding what is known,
uncovering the unknown,
I share the dreams of these pioneers.
I remember their excitement as I spotted what lay beyond this hill,
the disappointment as I was forced back into their coat pockets.

Never have I felt the salty breeze of an ocean,
Never have I felt the satisfaction of knowing the journey is over.
There is no end for me, I continue through generations.
I am no tool for bird-watching,
nor am I to be an item for collectors.
I am the companion of explorers, and
I will forever look towards the next horizon.

courtney kuhl

explosion of atlanta

Downtown Atlanta is always exploding
with different kinds of traffic.
The tall skyscrapers that cover and create
the background of the town.

Busy traffic wanting to get to different
night clubs. Needing to get to different buildings.
The fierceness of the town
roars like a tiger.

But the outside of the busy city
Is nice and surrounded by tall palm trees.
Calm, relaxing walks outside the town.
Always needing different jobs around town.

With the exploding town that is
Downtown Atlanta
Is always busy with traffic,
But calm and cool on the outside.

colton carlton

iron horse

I'm not just used for transportation but also for relaxation.
My owner straddles me preparing me for the long journey that lay ahead.
I meet others like me and some of different breeds, we nicker at each-other.
Lead by a stallion we roam in stampedes.
We watch out for each-other, avoiding all evil spirits.
We drink only when needed, and whether the warm days sun beats on us, or the nights cool
wind blows through us we are rode hard.

Roaming by day and resting my worn iron heart by night, I prepare for tomorrow's journey.
Not knowing what lay ahead nor what may happen.
But hopeful for another fateful journey.
I am Harley.

matthew simons

i am

I am accepting of the past but hopeful for the future
I wonder what people think when they find out
I hear the laughter of my appreciative family
I see how far I've come
I want to do what's best for me
I am accepting of the past but hopeful for the future

I pretend I'm ready to grow up
I feel older than I should
I touch upon the memories of that night
I worry that I may regress to how I was
I cry about the thought of hurting my family again
I am accepting of the past but hopeful for the future

I understand that I have made a mistake
I say that I have grown from this experience
I dream of being stable
I try to do the best I can
I hope I will become unmedicated
I am accepting of the past but hopeful for the future

phoenix

As time passes, we see flame and ash.
It's charred and singed from beak to tail,
Changing every crimson feather to a soot filled horror.

Up through the ashes he's reborn.
A new life. A new purpose. A new story.
He's like a mythical dove, who brings hope.

He bring hope for everyone.
He's a symbol of rebirth, and renewing.
A symbol of second chances.

kiersten mason

the journey of life

Patiently waiting in the car there are several roads to take
Ranging from 2 lanes to 5 the hectic travels become real
Lit up by continuous streetlights allowing travelers to dictate
the right path to take to continue their trip onward
One by one following the bold white lines the cars step on the gas
The screeching tires take turns going in the direction they desire
Whether it's work or not it's no longer the route to take...

Turning the sharp corner the drivers look up wondering
where are they all going?
Place so suddenly in the center a snow colored pole stands upright
Extending as far as I can see there seems to be no end
Held up by durable cables floats a brick ring only 18 feet above the
surface
Bikers now have an intersection of their own
The 360 degrees entered in any of the four ramps in the corners,
is surrounded by city noises and exercise perfectionists
Exploring the outdoors makes you think if you're taking to right
path in life?

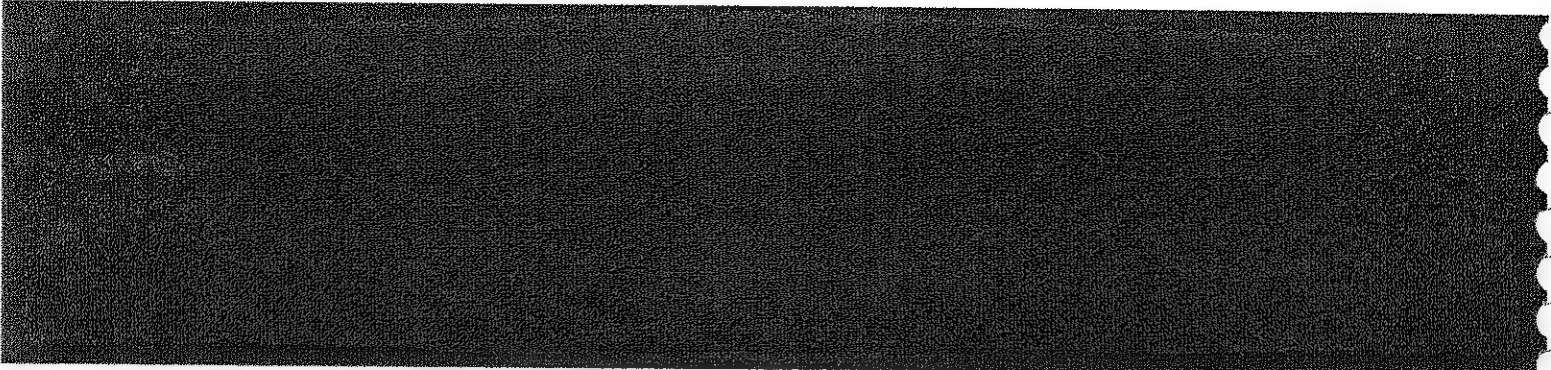
gabby kroeger

water

I am uncontrollable, uncontainable, unbreakable.
Your eyes pinch tight with fear as you stand,
Calloused, bloody feet dug deep into the million
Rock and shell fragments I have shattered with my bare hands.
Your damaged threadbare clothes quiver from the force
of my oldest friend.
Delighted, I stretch and extend myself forty-four feet into
the salty air.
You stumble towards your collapsed village,
desperate to escape, but
We both know who will win this race.

I am now enclosed in a plastic container
Marked with a thick red cross on the side.
Your cracked lips heal as I nourish you and
You shout, "Gema, help me carry this blessing!"
We travel back to the broken village hand in hand,
Slowly, patches of green appear amongst the
Fragments of our collapsed homes.
With my blessing, the people flourish again.
I smile because I have saved you,
My dearest friend.

miranda hale



stage lights. breathe
deep. you're ready.

-isabel connor

powerful

Bold black lips,
Smirk across her face.
Power purging red,
Swimming on her skin.
Deep dark eyes,
Seeping in your soul.
Long looming nose,
Sleek and shaped.
She is proud of her power,
as it's seen shining on her face.

Carley Lehner

what a TRAGEDY!

My whisper,
like a SCREAM.
My voice cries out BEGGING.
Mercy O' Poseidon!
Calm thy sea and let me sail safely!
O' the tragedy.

I look around only to see the eager eyes of my audience.
I hide behind the melting face of my depressed character,
lost at sea,
drifting.
Behind my crying mack, I smile at the gaping mouths.
O' the tragedy.

A cry out, 'the storm has stopped!'
I watch as my fellow liars turn their masks,
revealing a smiling, joyful masks.
Our faces stay hidden.
We know how it ends. An imminent death approaches.
O' the tragedy.

courtney kuhl

bright lights and fame

The light is bursting with energy,
As if to nourish everything it touches.
An immense current charges through the crowd
Connecting them on the same high.

The air is vibrating with the excitement,
The ground shakes under their feet
And for a moment,
They feel infinite.

The light dances as the energy ramps up in anticipation.
A chord is struck,
They hold their breath.
Then the light bursts once again

The sound consumes them
And the feeling is like no other.
He thrusts his fist into the air with passion,
His passion is our happiness.

alissa maylum

daily life

haley mcclure

Point your toes; get your clothes out for tomorrow; put food in the dog bowl; get high on that leap; dust the family room; make sure your clothes match; do your school work; set your shows to record; make the dance sharper; don't give the dog a full bowl of food; everything should be spotless; make your bed; set the table for dinner; you should wear your plaid shirt; legs should be straight; also give the dog water; problem 5 is wrong; Big Brother might start late; make the pillows fluffier; put the knife on the right side; spot your turns; take the garbage out; wear your dark jeans too; vacuum the family room; turnout; "But I am mom"; clean your closet; nothing should be dusty; give the dog a treat but, make him do a trick first; Dance Moms will also be late; take a shower; brown shoes would look good; put a new trash liner in; take a dog for a walk; problem 7 is correct; the fork should be on the left; sanitize the bathrooms; "Mom, that's gross"; your brother needs to be picked up; turn your head all the way on that jump; the dog needs more water; sweep the floors; your grade in science isn't very good; your brother is at football, go pick him up there; put flowers in the middle of the table; stretch; give the dog a bath; organize my drawer; a pink necklace would be cute; Big Brother will be two hours late now; spray perfume; set the kitchen timer for the pasta; B+ in geometry, really; do the splits; change the channel; make sure the envelopes go by my notebooks; dry off the dog; turnout; paper-plates should not be used; drain the pasta; that purple bracelet would make the outfit; A+ in history, good job!; make the pasta sauce too; the dog needs his claws trimmed; clean the dishes; the paper-clips should all be in a box; don't record Dance Moms anymore; I said point your toes!; "Wow, I am"; show your work for problem 4; wear your black jacket also; fill the glasses with water; wash the windows; the dog needs his bed fluffed; take dad's car to pick up your brother; slice the bread; Big Brother finale now; the dog needs another brushing; Problem 9 isn't right; take a reaucani too; put notebooks by the folders; get gas on the way back from picking up your brother; take the bread out when it is nice and toasty.

daily life

set the plates on the table; since your math homework is done, start your health homework; wear a bow ring; Dance Moms has been canceled; pens should be separate from the pencils; the dog needs more food again; "How many things mom"; do the laundry; put butter in the bread; you missed Big Brother; your outfit looks good; don't forget to study for your spanish test; fold all the laundry when this load is done; straighten your leg; prepare the plates; the dog is sleeping; mop the garage; lengthen your arms; homework must be finished; don't forget your book-bag for school; and most importantly, have lot's of fun.

hailey mcclure

mask from the past

Consumed in the darkness of the tomb,
an ancient treasure lies alone.
A king of the past lays frozen,
a mask made from the skin of the gods covers his face.
Life unknown with a hope of afterlife,
forever to be among Osiris,
guarded by four sons.
Cool in his grave as hot sand engulf,
with the jewels and animals of his life.
So he can live in afterlife.

maddy vandesompele

mary jo's advice

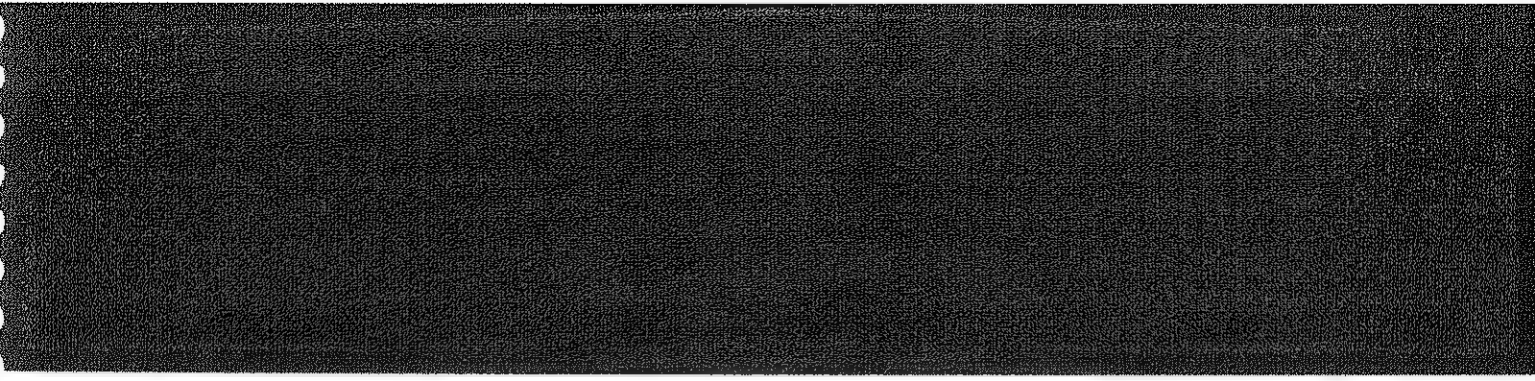
Beauty is pain; use makeup to highlight your best features; boys are the only thing that matters, who needs a job if you marry a rich guy? But make sure he's attractive, but not better-looking than you; wear clothes that look good on you, but not many others; you can use colored eyeliner without eyeshadow; only use natural colors with black eyeliner; never use too much eye makeup; what is someone else puts it on me?; Burning yourself with a straightener is okay; waxing is a mst; it hurts to be beautiful, Teresa; Don't cry, your mascara will run; makeup makes you prettier; use mousse after you shower at night to keep curls from falling; too much hairspray will weigh down your curls; boys don't like messy hair; highlight your hair line; you can also highlight your cleavage with makeup; use as much makeup as you need; when you marry a rich man, he'll buy you all you need; but what if I don't fall in love with a rich man?; men fall in love with what they see--so always do your makeup; using an eyelash curler after mascara will damage and break your eyelashes; you're skinny, so wear clothes that show it; play sports to stay skinny; play girly sports, like softball and dance; boys like girls who know how to dance; always wash your face, or you'll get acne; makeup can only hide so many pimples; how am I related to someone so superficial?; makeup does NOT cover burns; don't move when someones is curling your hair, you're more likely to get burnt; don't fall in love, boys are stupid; make him fall in love with you; and you can only do that by looking pretty.

teresa paar

goodbye

chris yoke

Good Bye
My Love
My eyes grow tired
As i forget your sweet melody.
Your sanguine lullabies
Keep me sane
When your miles away.
Good bye love
you bitter sweet lips
Sanctuary from this
cold realm.
Good bye my beauty
Your face iced and waxen
as your in the throes
of death.
Good bye, so long
your hair are of black roses
cascading your skin in its pallour texture.
The midnight rain drenches us both, but
which one of us is drowning however?
Good bye My love.
So long and good night.



smiling and
laughing,
essentials
for life.

- brooke drezek

the falling star

The idling mind is consumed with doubt,
Most dreams and reality mistaken,
Sinking slowly in the sands of time
While longing builds like Legos.
Losing sleep while counting sheep
The dark of night endures,
Staring aimlessly at the stars
As one flashes, flies, and falls.
A dream, a prayer, a wish comes true
As weary eyes give in.

Unlock the cage of stars and stripes
An eager world is waiting,
Dreams checked in and carried on
Fulfilled by an ocean voyage,
A lucid dream is proving to be
The heart's devoted compass.
A new life waits down an unknown road
Where exhausted dreams may blossom,
As long as euphoria remains throughout
The rest will fall into place.

gaby morgan

eat dessert first

Time passes quickly
It leaves a bitter taste in the mouth
Wreaking havoc on the body
So much time is wasted on the bland and the boring
As if life had no meaning
Eat dessert first
It leaves a sweeter taste in the mouth
Don't take the chance of eating a dry pot roast
And dying before you get to the good stuff
Just shove that slice of cake into your mouth
Don't regret it
Take advantage of what you're given and
Eat dessert first

anonymous

my calm place

Leave me at the boardwalk leading to the seaside.
Giddy as a clown fish.
The waves roar, the wind whistles, the birds sing, and the sun
shines.
Not a day is complete without the sweet smell of summertime.
I relish the long strip of sand, the wispy air, the speaking
ocean-
With yellow dripping from the sunshine rays.
Here I sunbather under the sun seeping clouds-
Brown and bronzed laying on the sea shore.
She hugs me tight, and leaves me with a sun kissed glow.
I take in the tales the deep seas share.
My heart beats with every washing tide,
Infused with perplexing wonder.
You can ride the tide to feel free and at peace.
The wind sails me through the sky with rushing waves under my
feet.
The sunset on the skyline starts the night.
Coral, crimson, and electric.

carly lehner

my story

I am intelligent and dreamful
I wonder where I will go in life
I hear the voices doubting me
I see the success one can achieve
I want to achieve my goals
I am intelligent and dreamful

I pretend I am in the future
I feel that life is a challenge
I touch the sky that is my dreams
I worry that I will fail
I cry when I let others down
I am intelligent and dreamful

I understand there will be tough times
I say I will strive onward
I dream I will not fall
I try to keep my head up
I hope I will influence others
I am intelligent and dreamful

cole boussetlot

carpe diem

Time is the prey of our lives.
We are the predators.
We chase it down our whole lives.
The faster we go, the further it gets.
We go until we rest at the end.
The rest will take us if we keep going.

Time is not our only prey.
Love, hope and dreams are others to go for.
Don't let these preys make you a wise fool.
Look at how to catch that prey.
Make it a timeless moment.
Keep a peace of mind and your prey will be yours.

samantha achenbach

a glimpse of natural beauty

Only listen and Eden's garden grows audible.
Here echoes her sacred contemplation.
Her voice a forest's symphony, its cheerful chat chatting.
What she whispers is willingly unrecordable.
She sings unwritten songs of dark days,
But a brook will always share her giggle--
That echoing chorus of an ember's embrace

She is when a match is struck--brilliant!
A shining chandelier, not one candle, torch, or flame.
Her being is a bonfire.

Uncrafted sense misses much of her beauty,
But she is a technicolor Grecian statue.
The lucid lilies grace her face,
Never clouding it like a mask.
Brilliant as the bawdy briar rose,
Her smile forgives the fields for their first forlorn fruit
And blesses them, with
A sylvan love verdant green.

alex karnish

future

I am dependable and analytical.

I wonder if jobs can provide more than just wealth.

I hear the anxious plans of other students.

I see the same classrooms, same people, same routine every week.

I want to remain in childhood bliss.

I am dependable and analytical.

I pretend to have ambition for something specific.

I feel the present slipping through my fingers.

I touch the empty calendar of the impending years.

I worry that one mistake will jeopardize everything I've worked for.

I cry when I disappoint others.

I am dependable and analytical.

I understand that working hard will bring me to my undecided future.

I say I still have time.

I dream a realistic one, if at all.

I try helplessly to figure out the balance between wants and needs.

I hope I'll gather a plan soon.

I am dependable and analytical.

mikeala mikkelsen

restoration

The stars that once gleamed for us had grown dull.
Our weary eyes witnessed cloudy evenings of insanity
And we collapsed on hands and knees before empty gods.

He maintained the frown at the edge of his detached smile.
Affection made him nervously tick like a stolen gold watch.
He understood how much more real reality is than fantasy.

The stars confessed that they were irrevocably broken.
Secrets sunk like silver coins in the public fountain.
We were lost in calms of currents and strengths of storms.

But with time and trial, any attachment will decay.
Bottle up the dejection escaping your soul,
You can't be touched by his hands or his cigarettes.

The ache steals away with the final curtain call.
Shadows of Arcadia pass by on life's winding path,
Until our lonesome selves become restored museum halls.

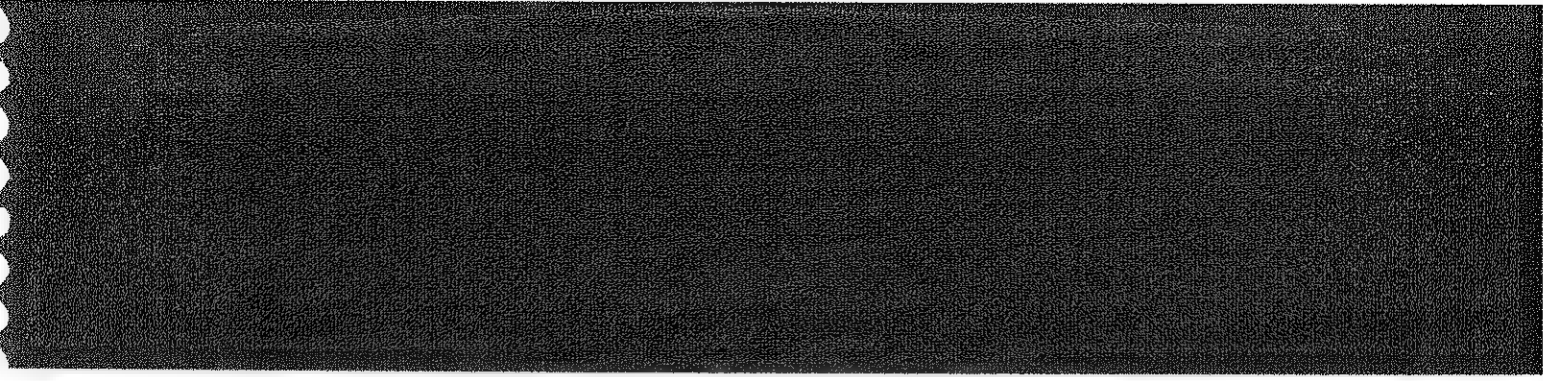
miranda hale

the store sees it

I see the man with Warren Buffett pockets
I see the mother of three in her pajamas
In the liquor section, youth looking to be the next Danny
Zuko
In the electronics, others wishing to find cyber-escape
They all come, and they go, only to return some days later
Looking high and looking low to satisfy their desire
Searching far and searching wide, with purpose, hunting It

It, unknown and dangerous, for few are aware of It
Walking in, looking at the wares, searching this retail
Only to fill It in with unnecessary possessions
But I see It, an empty void, longing to be filled
Nothing quenches the thirst for It, though they try
The electronic kids, hunting for It
The delinquents, partying for It
The mother, searching for It
The rich man, already having It, but longing for more
Always more longing, for It runs this world

seán dūgan



my life? six words?
you're kidding.

-allie stutting

complacent rain falls

Complacent rain falls
with unforced rhythmic timing
nature's symphony

chris yoke

what they do not see

I see people in my little glass box,
Viewing me, observing me, misjudging me
They see my box, my coffin, my mask.
But what they don't see
Is me.

Gold sparkling like the sun.
My power radiates of me like heat on the sand.
My people are bowing me, worshipping me
As I walk by.
This is what these people do not see.

My mask glowing a soft glow,
Breathing in the light.
This is all that remains of me,
Of my time.
Of what I use to be.

katie moore

journal

madeline lapage

I am not sparkling, pristine
With unblemished pages
But worn-out, beaten,
Used.
Each margin brimming.
I along conceal confessions of the lost,
The lonely,
The ones with no one to turn to.
I engrave each moment on
My pages that no pencil can grace
Because some ink cannot be erased.

Now I am a trusted friend.
In their joy I rejoice.
It is my shoulder that catches
Their tears.
I am trusted.
My honesty would put Abe to shame.
I alone hold the secrets that
Cannot be told.

biombo

Looking at me,
all you can see are my eyes.
My story is held a secret.
I must celebrate
when it's the last thing I want do.
My true self is unseen.
I am hidden behind the mask.

My soul is concealed
by tradition I cannot change.
I am seen the same as many others,
covered with the same face.
My eyes are my only expression.
Can you know me through my eyes?
I am unknown
and hidden behind the mask.

samantha cronkleton

his mask

The Monk looked at the young man's face
so peaceful and calm
almost as if he were sleeping.

Wrapping him in the cloths
The scent of the oils in the air, burn the nose
he tries to breathe through his mouth, the air hissing
through his teeth.

After he's wrapped, they place his mask
-his golden mask-
the evidence of his power and placement upon his head.

The hot sun glares off his mask
Walking through town the young citizens see him lay
mourning, they weep.

His wife and queen, standing by his side
even in death
She lays a hand on the cheek of his mask

Stroking her thumb under his painted eye
she takes away her hand and nods her head
sending him on his way.

The monk that prepared him says a prayer
to ra, may he live forever
In this life and the next.

The citizens say goodbye to the Pharaoh they loved
with one final glimmer of gold
They seal him away in his tomb, for all eternity.

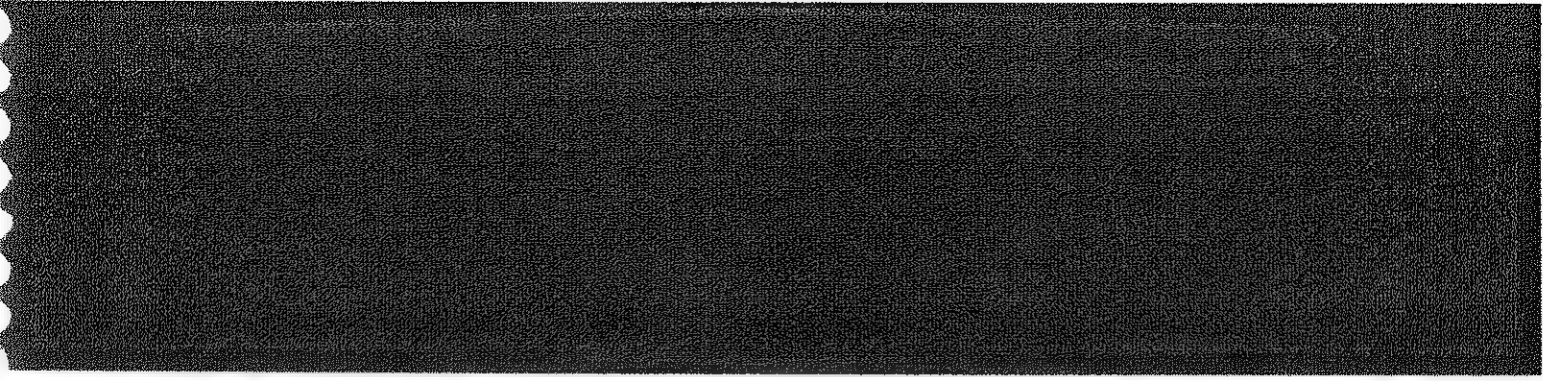
do what you love

Play the notes correctly and take big breaths on rests; Get enough sleep at night and brush your teeth; don't run with the toothbrush in our mouth or scissors in your hands; hold the scissors correctly and don't cut the counter; wipe the counter before you cook and wash your hands; but I do wash my hands before I cook and I always wipe the counter first; don't burn the pasta and don't touch the hot stove; don't use hot tools on your hair without an adult; brush your hair and wash your face; don't use too much makeup and don't get makeup on your clothes; fold your clothes and put them away; don't wear too many prints; don't print too many pages; do your homework and get good grades; don't get in fights at school; treat people the way you want to be treated; I do treat people the way I want to be treated and I don't get into fights at school; respect all your teachers and thank them for what they do; when someone gives you a gift, write them a thank you; your birthday is coming up, don't forget to plan your party; don't party too hard, where you may get yourself into trouble; always apologize when you hurt someone; go to church on Sundays and say your prayers at night; always keep your beliefs, even when people tell you otherwise; listen to your mom and dad; do your chores and vacuum every day; clean your room and make your bed; don't watch too much TV at night; only use the internet an hour a day; don't believe everything you read; if you don't hear it from me it isn't true; believe in yourself and follow your dreams.

Jeni McLain



FIG. 1. COCKATIEL



happiness just
ahead. guess
i'll run.

-alexis hitchcock

the journey

A native living in the wild,
Searching for answers.
Working hard day by day.
Earning his role:
Providing for his family.
His family supports him along the way.
He has endless motivation that carries him;
Wanting to be the best he can be.
Finding his purpose in life.
Challenged by life's nature.
All of his hard work has payed off.
He has become successful,
Now rich and satisfied.
His life has forever changed.
He will always be remembered,
For his great accomplishments.

jordan gronewold

looking up at mom

Be quick now; enter the long gap that crumbles next to me.
Let us continue as winter looms--
Beneath my wings, your willow's shadow.
As we have the homely shelter of their strength,
His warm breeze whistles through our branches
While He strains to mend our broken thoughts.

We cling to our eternal hope--wishing, wanting
As we contemplate what distresses our connected souls.
Evil agonizing to compromise our hope;
Watching the stable people move confidently
Like relatives returning to their heritage.

We are searching for a time of outbreaks.
I touch your delicate, yet oh-so-strong features,
Letting you in on my crazy, understanding the calm after.
We wanderers will write why we are doomed;
Adventurers that fear what they cannot have.

Lively Roars your breeze in the sunshine;
Like strange, bright flowers we blossom,
Like leaves growing green, as if Midas manipulated them.
I am immersed in sunlight, radiating your strength
Giving you my love through a single red rose.
Staring at myself, emulating His joy.

Jenna
COE

the conductor

it journeyed by night,
powered by hope,
destination, far North,
the map, the Northstar.

The conductor was strong,
running a ten year span,
and nineteen trips,
never lost a passenger.

This train was not metal,
but of soiled feet, and tattered socks
man powered; will powered
the will to strive on, to be free or die.

Huffing and heaving,
through hot Southern days,
spent and sobbing,
through dark dampened caves.

Cold and Bewildered,
racing for life,
three hundred gone missing,
three hundred new lives.

*-In Memory of Harriet Tubman and the people of the
Underground Railroad*

kiersten mason

don't look back

Her skin, delicate as an orchid, soft as silk
Lively like Mother Earth, breathtakingly beautiful.
She lifts herself, cautious not to bring herself
pain.

With the subtle hint of wind on her back
She know she will be burned by lies.

Their whispers of profound amazement spreads.
They make up stories of unnecessary love with
Countless noises flying about.

Only considerable truth will silence them.
She turns her back from the devastating lies.

The stories rage on like a ferocious, angry storm.
With might winds, the flower weakens, and falls,
Moping in sorrowful remains of unheard truths
Night, silky dark ink, deeper than her thoughts,
brings
Restless slumber and rotted dreams.

katie moore

spyglass

As I wait-
they pillage and roar through the land.
My sky always dark and heavy like a warning for the day to
arise.
I have no choice-The land is always far-and for that I must
see.
To reach across a distance no mans eye can ever see.
To reach across a distance no mans hand can ever grasp.
To be alone for naught the need of two.
So misunderstood for what I am
The clash of metal rings throughout the night
I see his face
Covered in scars and hair
He looks through me with his remaining eye.

I understand.
I finally understand what people are trying to see when they
look through me.
They look out to try to find
--to try and catch--
to dream of something.
The ones that walk
they dream
The ones that run are choosing to chase it.

cayla shuppy

my ideal midnight

reading a novella
outside a closed café
shortly before midnight.

a recent rain storm
creating a hazy effect
in the deep blue sky.

the antique street lamps
casting a warm glow
through the fog.

their muted light illuminating
the text in my hands
and the dreams in my heart.

the church bells ringing,
signaling new beginnings,
untouched by Saturday.

the light clinging to my skin,
whispering softly,
there is always hope

miranda hale

dust

They could see it coming.
A sudden assassin rising once again into the sky.
They could feel the earth shudder, feel the rumbling
Like a freight train was barreling
Right past their battered, broken homestead.
Run. Get inside. Now!
Sopping cloths clutched to fearful faces,
Protective embraces,
But still, the black blizzard rages
With a million tiny knives that slice
Cheeks and chins of already raw skin.
And then, Mommy I can't breathe!
The little grains of sand and grime invading,
Persuading every crevice to open up.
Dust swirling into throats, lungs.
How much more can we take?
And then suddenly

It was quiet.
And they sat in silence for a moment,
Retrieving lost breaths.
And they knew it was time.
Packing, racing to gather all belongings,
But only so much room in the small car.
West, west, west
The only option left to escape,
To survive. A test.
A new life awaits: hard work for all but
Anything would be better than this barren, blazing wasteland,
Once-was farmland, once-was
Homeland.
Now a search for a new land, migrant work-land
And a long drive ahead through dust and sand.
Are we there yet?
Mile after monotonous mile, more motorists merge onto the roadway.
All headed west, west, west, and now
the border.
To a new world without knifelike air is where
they arrive.
They could see it coming.
A new life.

the "athlete"

emma covault

Did you remember to be at practice 15 minutes early to set up the nets and put your shoes on?; make sure your team is present, ready to focus, and ready to play hard; have you stretched and ran before the coach takes an interest in you, considering first impressions and good impressions are everything, especially to a high school coach; follow instructions on how to do a flawless job during the drill; play hard so you acquire better skills and look exceptional; when doing hitting lines, make sure you raise both arms and jump your highest; you should not be talking trash about your teammates when they make a mistake: the coach sure won't like that; not one bit; when scrimmaging, call for the ball loud and clear; SCREAM is you must, scream, scream, and scream again; "Mom, I do call the ball loud, I always do"; cover the blockers in case they don't succeed; wouldn't want a dirty look from your team when that ball contacts the floor and its yours; push someone over if you must to get the ball and do it correctly; bruise your elbows and scratch up your knees to protect the floor from the discomfort it might receive from the ball; hit around the blockers, you want the point don't you?; your friends are here to watch and so am I, so don't goof up; make me proud of you; get the pass directly up to your setter, you want a good play don't you?; look confident on the court; if you don't know what you're doing, act like it; this is how you come to the middle after you receive or surrendered a point and talk; do not punch your wrists together or throw a fit after you soil a possible point; are you really going to be the girl to throw a fit?; did you have proper form when passing the ball? if not, then that's why you screwed up; this could be your chance for a possible scholarship, but I know that's not too likely for anyone; you're father and I are attending with the relatives do don't mess up, I don't want other parents harshly staring at me; don't hit the ball out-of-bounds, that makes everyone look atrocious; how's your serve?; is it effective enough to deserve the ace and achieve the point?; if not make sure you practice, practice, and practice some more; make sure the coach actually talks to you so you know she cares about how you play; "She does talk to me, maybe not as much as she talks to others, but I just know she cares"; do you even go to practice?

when kept awake

Some nights you may lose sleep
Over choices past,
Never to be retrieved--
Like forks in a road,
And having taken one,
You wonder where the other goes.

Do not fear those nights,
However, instead
Feel confident in the choices made.
For feet on paths should not
Doubt the direction they walk.
Instead they rush, straight as an arrow.

kirk kreiter



